MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! THERE'S A MOST OF MORE IN...

SMASH!

No. 154
11th JAN. 1969
EVERY MONDAY
7d

INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d.
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE SWOTS AND BLOTS

OH, DEAR! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A *HEAVY FALL* LAST NIGHT— THAT MEANS *TROUBLE* IN CLASS! THE BLOTS ALWAYS MANAGE TO SMUGGLE IN SNOWBALLS SOMEHOW!

NOSE COSY!

SUFFERING SUMBOOKS! NOT A SNOWBALL IN SIGHT! IT'S SAFE TO GO IN— THE BLOTS MUST BE GETTING *SOFT!*

TCH! TCH! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS— THE *BUTLER?*

2B NOT 2B

GOOD MORNING, BOYS! WE SHALL START WITH THE GEOGRAPHY *LESSON*. FETCH THE GLOBE SOMEONE!

I'LL GET IT, SIR! ANYTHING FOR YOU, SIR!

Crawford

REALLY, CECIL! LADIES BEFORE GENTLEMEN! HEH-HEH-HEH!

CRUMP!

AAGH! YOU'RE NO LADY! THAT'S A WIG! YOU'RE BARRY BLOT!

ONE GLOBE OF THE WORLD COMING UP— *EXPRESS DELIVERY!*

WAAH! *THAT'S* NOT THE GLOBE! IT'S A BLOOMING GREAT PAINTED SNOWBALL! I'VE BEEN DIDDLED!

COR! TEACH HAS SWALLOWED HALF OF AMERICA!

SPLAT!

WHEE!

BOOHOO-HOO! POOR OLD SIR! SOB! SOB!

GRRR! FORGET ABOUT GEOGRAPHY! WE'LL DO SOME *SUMS* INSTEAD— IT'S *SAFER!*

I'LL GIVE TEACH *THE CHALK*— HE'LL NEED IT TO WRITE ON THE BLACKBOARD!

CHALK

?

AAGH! *LOOK OUT, SIR!* THAT'S NOT CHALK— IT'S LITTLE CYLINDERS OF *SNOW!* RUN FOR IT!

I *SAY*, YOU'RE BRIGHT TODAY, CLARENCE— GO TO THE TOP OF THE CLASS!

PAT! PAT!

CONTINUED OVER PAGE →

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CONTINUED FROM COVER
GANGWAY!! CLEAR THE DECKS! ABANDON SHIP! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF SNOWBALLS FOR ONE DAY!
YARRGH!
THUD!
WHICH WAY DID HE GO, MOGGY?
HE WENT THATAWAY— FAST AS CHATAWAY!
GET THAT CATAWAY!
THAT LITTLE TWERP WON'T STAND A CHANCE! I'LL FLATTEN HIM THE MINUTE HE COMES OUT OF THE DOOR! HE'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING UP ON THE ROOF, FOR ME!
COME ON, LAD! COME AND GET YOUR MEDICINE!
THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!
COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE— YOU TWERP!
WHEEE!
YOICKS! TALLY-HO AND ALL THAT SORT OF BILGE!
WHUMP!
AAGH!
OF COURSE, TEACH BEING HEAVIER THAN THE SNOWBALL, HE PASSES IT ON THE WAY DOWN!
PHEW! AT LEAST I GOT A SOFT LANDING! I'M SAFE AND SOUND!
THE MORAL OF TODAY'S STORY IS: IF ONE IS GOING TO THROW SNOWBALLS FROM A GREAT HEIGHT, ONE SHOULD ALWAYS THROW SNOWBALLS HEAVIER THAN ONESELF!
WAAH! I SPOKE TOO SOON!
WHUMP!
AAGH! THE SNOW'S GONE HARD! I CAN'T MOVE! HELP!
COO! IS THAT RIGHT? VERY INTERESTING, OLD PIP.
H'MM! THIS BAROMETER I JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE IN MY POCKET SAYS IT SHOULD BE AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE THE THAW SETS IN! YAHOO!
AAGH! SIR! HELP! HELP!
HEH, HEH! OLD TEACH CAN'T EVEN HELP HIMSELF, YOU CLOT!
YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING YOU WANT TO BE LIKE TEACH, CYRIL —WELL NOW, YOU ARE!
FUME!
FORE!
SNOW BOMBS AWAY!
WHEEEEE!
SPLOT!
I LIKE MY SNOWBALLS INKY!
SQUASH!
MUSH! MUSH! OVER THE FROZEN WASTES!

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KING OF THE RING

WRESTLER KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY STONE HAVE DECIDED TO 'FIGHT THEIR WAY ROUND THE WORLD! AT BOUVILLE, IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, KEN HAS HIS WATCH SMASHED BY THUGS AND REPLACES IT WITH ONE DROPPED BY THE MEN. LATER BLARNEY IS SEIZED BY A FANTASTIC SHAPE WHILE MILLIONAIRE DUBRAY WARNS KEN...
MR. KING, I SHAN'T ASK YOU WHERE THE 'GOLDEN MAMMOTH' IS AGAIN... I SHALL ASK THE CAPSTAN TO PUT GREATER PRESSURE ON YOUR FRIEND!
K-KEN!.... I-I... UURGH!
THE OILSKIN FALLS OPEN...
AS YOU KNOW, A CAPSTAN IS A MACHINE FOR WINDING CABLE. MY CAPSTAN IS CAPABLE OF WINDING A MAN UNTIL HE SNAPS!
I... I'M STILL ALIVE! PHEEEEW!
DUBRAY, KEEP THAT...THAT THING BACK! I'M WARNING YOU!
WARNING ME? HOW AMUSING!
AS BLARNEY BENDS VISIBLY...
PHLUNK!
AAH!
VERY HEROIC! IT WILL ALSO PROVE PAINFUL!
THE BRUTE'S COILED ROUND WITH ROPE!.. M-MY HEAD!
CAPSTAN, DEMONSTRATE TO MR. KING PERSONALLY... I'M AFRAID HE'S RATHER STUBBORN!
KEN MOVES LIKE LIGHTENING...
HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! SINCE RULES DON'T COUNT, I'LL MAKE A FEW!
CHAH!
I'M CLOSING IT HARD! IT'LL KEEP THE SUN OFF!
KERCHOOSH!
SACREBLEU! THE CAPSTAN CAN'T SEE!

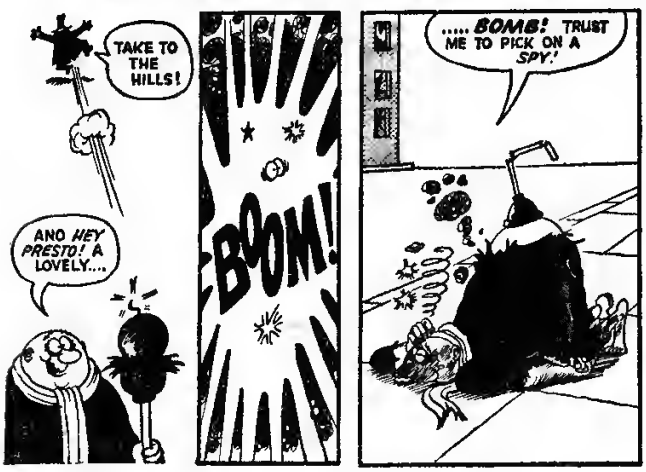
WHILE THE BLINDED GIANT STRUGGLES MADLY..
SHOW HIM, KEN BOY! YOU'VE ROPE SOLES TO THOSE SHOES OF YOURS.
MY OWN THOUGHT!
A DROP KICK! ONE A MULE COULDN'T BEAT.
TRY THIS FOR SIZE, ROPEY!
WOOD SPLINTERS...
YOU CAN COUNT HUM OUT, CHUM! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN TEN.
WHERE'S DUBRAY? HE AND I NEED TO CHAT.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED. HERE HE COMES— TROUBLE, TOO.
THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD—NOT WITH CAPSTAN LAID OUT.
IT PROVES USELESS TO ARGUE...
IF YOUR FRENCH WERE BETTER, THEY MIGHT UNDERSTAND.
I WOULDN'T BET ON IT. THEY'RE 'CHARGING' US WITH EVERYTHING EXCEPT A BANK ROBBERY.
THE VAN STARTS AWAY...
ALL THIS STARTED WHEN THUGS SMASHED YOUR WRIST-WATCH. I HOPE YOU'RE NOT 'NICKED' FOR STEALING THE ONE YOU PICKED UP.
WE'LL SOON KNOW. THEY'LL PROBABLY 'THROW THE BOOK' AT US.
SUDDENLY...
SOMETHING'S WRONG...IT—IT'S GAS, BLARNEY...
!—I CAN'T BREATHE— AAAAH!
UNCONSCIOUSNESS CLAIMS THEM! BUT LATER...
THEY—THEY WEREN'T REAL POLICE...
YOU ARE SO RIGHT, MON BRAVE. MONSIEUR DUBRAY DESIRES YOUR COMPANY URGENTLY.
THAT'S NICE!
A LUXURY YACHT ROLLS AT ITS MOORING...
THIS MUST BE DUBRAY'S 'PAD'. HE'LL HAVE THE RED CARPET OUT IN WELCOME.
WHAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT IS A SHROUD.

A REAL PLEASURE, GENTLEMEN—BELIEVE ME! MR. KING, I HAVE AN OLD FRIEND DYING TO MEET YOU AGAIN.
I CAN GUESS!
WITHIN MINUTES...
GRAAAAA!
A NEEDLE MATCH, MR. KING! CAPSTAN IS SO ANXIOUS TO BREAK YOU IN PIECES...
OH, NO! KEN—FOR PETE'S SAKE...
TEAR THE TRUTH FROM HIM, CAPSTAN! MAKE HIM TELL ME WHERE THE 'GOLDEN MAMMOTH' IS HIDDEN...WIND HIM AND BREAK HIM UNTIL WE GET WHAT WE WANT.'
AH, A BEAR-HUG AND THEN A BACK-BREAKER...
THE ROPE MAKES HIM LIKE STEEL!... I—I'LL NEVER LAST...
MEANWHILE, ANOTHER LAUNCH MAKES FOR THE YACHT...
CUT THE ENGINE AND START TO ROW. KING MUST HAVE OUR WATCH... IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, HE WON'T BE WHEN WE REACH HIM.
WE'LL DEAL WITH HIM AND DUBRAY TOO!
KEN KING'S FIGHT FOR LIFE TAKES A NEW TWIST NEXT WEEK! SO FOR MORE WRESTLING THRILLS—BE HERE!

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

GRIMLY FEENDISH

HEH, HEH. THIS IS A GREAT IDEA! I PRESS MY SUCTION CUP ON TO SOMEONE'S CHEST, PULL.... AND AWAY COME BITS OF SUIT, PLUS THE PERSON'S WALLET!
THIS BLOKE'S GOT A NICE BULGING WALLET. COME TO DADDY, LOVELY LOLLY!
YAAARGH! DON'T DO THAT!



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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS BEING SWEPT THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THE MOST DANGEROUS CHASE OF HIS LIFE—AND HE'S HAD TO LEAVE BEHIND HIM THE LOYAL AND FAITHFUL ARTIFICIAL BRAIN! BUT...

THE BRAIN HAS TOLD RAJAH, THE CIRCUS TIGER, TO BE MY FRIEND— NOW I'VE GOT TO STAY ON HIS BACK AND FOLLOW THIS MAN ON THE MOTOR BIKE!

OH, CRUMBS, GREY SHADOW'S *SEEN* US! AND HE'S GOT A *GUN*!

GRRR!

CRACK!

RAJAH'S MAKING FOR HIGH GROUND! IF HE AIMS TO SPRING DOWN ON HIM, THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF!

I'M GOING TO HIT THE PATH! AND... *OH, GOSH!* GREY SHADOW IS DOUBLING BACK IN HIS TRACKS!

THE ONCOMING HEADLAMP DAZZLES HIM.

H-HE'S G-GOING TO *RUN ME DOWN!*

SUDDENLY, A SLEEK FORM FLASHES DOWN.

URGH!

RAGHGH!

SAVED! RAJAH'S SAVED ME!

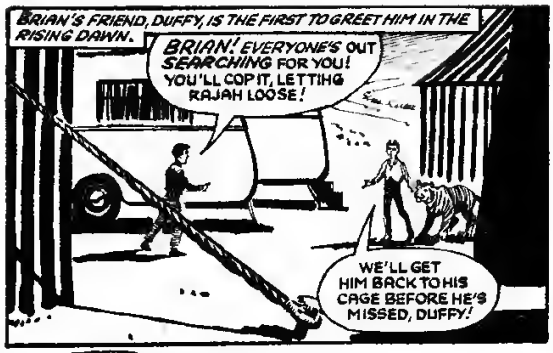
THE MOTORBIKE SWERVES AWAY DOWN THE PATH...

HE'S SWITCHED OFF HIS HEADLIGHT, RAJAH—AND HE'S GOING *BACK* DOWN THE TRACK TO THE CIRCUS!

GRRR!

BRIAN PICKS UP THE PISTOL THE MAN HAS DROPPED.

A PEARL-HANDLED SIX-SHOOTER! THIS COULD BE AN IMPORTANT CLUE! COME ON, RAJAH— *WE'VE* GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CIRCUS, TOO!


BRIAN'S FRIEND, DUFFY, IS THE FIRST TO GREET HIM IN THE RISING DAWN.
BRIAN! EVERYONE'S OUT SEARCHING FOR YOU! YOU'LL COP IT, LETTING RAJAH LOOSE!
WE'LL GET HIM BACK TO HIS CAGE BEFORE HE'S MISSED, DUFFY!

WITH RAJAH SAFE, BRIAN TELLS DUFFY WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
GEE, BRIAH, THAT GUH IS THE PEARL-HAHDLED SIX-SHOOTER USED BY BUSTER, THE COW-PUHCHER, IN HIS CIRCUS ACT!
SO BUSTER MAY BE THE MAN WHO ATTACKED ME! I'M GOING TO ASK THE BRAIH!

GOSH, DOH'T TELL ME THE BRAIH HAS FALLEH IHTO THE CROCODILE TANK!
IT DID—BUT IT'S SAFE TILL I CAH GET IT OUT! SEE IT'S BEGINNING TO GLOW—THE THOUGHT RAYS ARE REACHING ME!

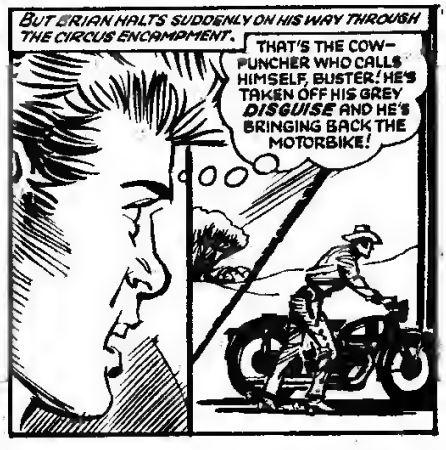
WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO TRAP GREY SHADOW, THE MAN WHO ATTACKED ME, BRAIN? AND IS HE BUSTER, THE COWBOY STUNT MAH?
YOU MUST GO AT ONCE AHD TELL DUFFY'S UNCLE EVERYTHING! THERE'S DANGER EVERYWHERE, BRIAN!

I SUPPOSE THE BRAIN IS RIGHT, DUFFY!
OF COURSE IT IS! COME ON, BRIAN, WE'LL FIND MY UNCLE BERT BEFORE GREY SHADOW MAKES ANOTHER ATTACK!

MOAN!
OH CRUMBS, WHAT'S THAT?
IT—IT'S MERLO, THE CIRCUS MAGICIAN!

THE WHITE-BEARDED FIGURE CRUMBLES.
H-HELP ME! I WAS ATTACKED BY A TERRIBLE GREY MAN—GREY FROM HEAD TO FOOT!
THE SAME MAN!

YOU HELP POOR OLD MERLO, DUFFY! I'M GOING TO FIND YOUR UNCLE! THE BRAIN IS RIGHT— WE'VE GOT TO RAISE THE ALARM!
IF YOU TWO BOYS CAN HELP ME TO MY CARAVAN...


BUT BRIAN HALTS SUDDENLY ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE CIRCUS ENCAMPMENT.
THAT'S THE COW-PUNCHER WHO CALLS HIMSELF, BUSTER! HE'S TAKEN OFF HIS GREY DISGUISE AND HE'S BRINGING BACK THE MOTORBIKE!

DUFFY'S UNCLE BERT MUST BE IN THERE! I'VE GOT TO ROUSE THE CIRCUS! BUT WHY IS NOBODY ABOUT?
MATCHEM'S CIRCUS MOBILE OFFICE

OFFICE
MR. MATCHEM —LET ME IN! THERE'S A KILLER LOOSE IN YOUR CIRCUS!

NEXT MOMENT...
NO USE YOU HOLLERIN', SON! EVERYBODY'S OUT SEARCHIN' FOR YOU! BUT I GUESSED YOU'D COME BACK!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME— HELP!
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE COWBOY STUNT-MAN? BE HERE NEXT WEEK FOR MORE CIRCUS THRILLS!

THE CLOAK
MEETS...
THE PHANTOM PIPER
OUR HEROES ARE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND INVESTIGATING STRANGE STORIES ABOUT THE PHANTOM PIPER! NOW THEY SEEM TO HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE STORIES ARE TRUE!
NNAAAAAEEOOWWAAOOOOO
THAT'S THE PHANTOM PIPER! COME ON, YOU LOT. WE'LL SOON GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
EEEAAOO
I'LL GRAB HIM! I DON'T BELIEVE HE'S A GHOST!
SPLOJ!
GROUGH! I'VE FALLEN IN A BOG! WHAT A LIFE!
DON'T WORRY - I'LL PULL YOU OUT!
CAREFUL, MOLE! DON'T COME TOO CLOSE DR..
SPLOJ!
... YOU'LL FALL IN AS WELL!
BLEECHH! NOW HE TELLS ME!
HERE! CATCH THIS ROPE! SHORTSTUFF AND I WILL PULL YOU OUT!
PHEW! I'M GLAD WE GOT OUT OF THAT! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT ON A FRESH SET OF CLOTHES, 'CAUSE THESE ARE CLOGGED WITH MUD!
YOU CAN CHANGE IN THE BACK OF THE CAR!
LATER...
THAT'S BETTER! WE'RE CLEAN AGAIN! NOW LET'S GET AFTER THAT PHANTOM PIPER PEST!
HE WALKED RIGHT ACROSS THE BOG AND DIDN'T SINK! HE MUST BE A GHOST!
I WON'T BELIEVE THAT UNTIL I'VE GOT REAL PROOF! HE COULD HAVE USED A SECRET PATH OR SOMETHING!
I RECKON WE OUGHT TO GO AND INVESTIGATE OLD CASTLE McDOOM! THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO COME FROM THERE!
UGH! WHAT A GRIM LOOKING DUMP! THE SIGHT OF IT HAS GIVEN GOOSE PIMPLES TO MY GOOSE PIMPLES!
THERE'S NO NEED TO KNOCH! THIS PLACE HAS BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS!
GULP! NO WONDER!

LADIES FIRST AFTER YOU CYNTHIA
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU CAN FORGET YOUR MANNERS FOR ONCE!
WHAT AN ANCIENT DUMP!
LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING AND GO HOME!
I DON'T THINK I LIKE IT HERE!
SHORTSTUFF WOULD LIKE IT EVEN LESS IF HE COULD SEE THE EYES ON THE PORTRAIT HANGING HIGH ON THE OLD PANELLED WALL...
STICK CLOSE TOGETHER FOR SAFETY! WE'VE GOT TO EXPLORE EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF THIS PLACE!
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME! WE ALWAYS HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!
YEAH! WE GENERALLY MANAGE TO FIND IT, TOO!
G.H.O.U.L.
GOOD GRIEF! LOOK AT THAT! IT'S THE SYMBOL OF THE DREADED G.H.O.U.L. ORGANISATION! THEY MUST BE BEHIND ALL THIS!
OH, BOY! THAT'S ALL WE NEED!
G.H.O.U.L. STANDS FOR GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF UNLAWFUL LAYABOUTS! -- CLEVER COS.
COME ON! I'M EVEN MORE DETERMINED TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY NOW!
HE'S ALL GO! GO! GO! ISN'T HE?
GURK!
SNATCH!
MIK
UNAWARE OF SHORTSTUFF'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE, OUR HEROES CARRY ON THROUGH THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS IN CASTLE McDOOM!
BONK!
ERG
G.H.O.U.L. IS AN EVIL ORGANISATION THAT WE'RE ALWAYS HAVING TROUBLE WITH! THEY PROBABLY WANT TO USE THIS CASTLE AS A NEW BASE OF OPERATIONS!
DO YOU CHAPS THINK THAT THIS PHANTOM PIPER COULD BE A GHOUL AGENT DRESSED UP TO SCARE EVERYONE AWAY?
ZIP!
!?
HEY, CHAPS! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? HUH? HEY, MOLE! SHORTSTUFF! LADY SHADY! WHERE ARE YOU?
?
!
GULP! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! I'M ALL ALONE! SOMEONE'S SPIRITED THEM AWAY!
WAAAAAOOOOOEEEAAA
ERK! THAT NOISE! IT'S THE SOUND OF THE PHANTOM PIPER'S BAGPIPES! HE -- OR IT -- MUST BE COMING THIS WAY!
NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING EPISODE IS GUARANTEED TO TURN YOUR HAIR WHITE IN TWO SECONDS FLAT! DON'T MISS IT. (WHITE HAIR IS VERY FASHIONABLE!)

Fantastic Four

THE FANTASTIC FOUR, AFTER LOSING THEIR SUPER POWERS, HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY DR. DOOM; WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THEIR SKYSCRAPER HEADQUARTERS. BUT DAREDEVIL, THE SIGHTLESS SUPER-HERO, HAS COME TO THEIR AID, AND IS NOW DIVERTING DOOM'S ATTENTION WHILE THE F. F. FORCE THEIR WAY INTO THE BUILDING, FIGHTING AGAINST THEIR OWN DEFENCE WEAPONS !

DOCTOR DOOM
MORE DIABOLICAL, MORE DEADLY THAN EVER BEFORE!

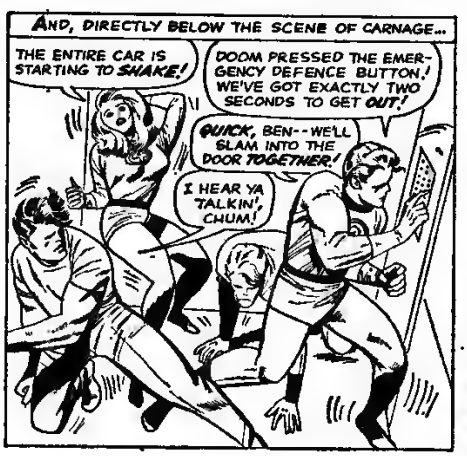
"THE BATTLE OF THE BAXTER BUILDING!"

Reg T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

BACK, YOU COSTUMED CLOD! YOU WEARY MY PATIENCE! YOU ARE NO MORE THAN A PETTY ANNOYANCE TO ME! THEY ARE MY MAIN OBJECTIVE!
NOT EVEN YOUR UNCANNY REFLEXES CAN PROTECT YOU FROM A SUDDEN BLAST OF CONCENTRATED PRESSURIZED AIR!

AND, THIS TIME, NO ONE CAN DODGE MY DEADLY LITTLE ROCKET--NOT IF I PRESS THE DESTRUCT BUTTON AND CAUSE IT TO EXPLODE LIKE SHRAPNEL!
DON'T FAIL ME NOW, LITTLE BILLY CLUB, OR IT'S BYE-BYE DAREDEVIL!

WITH ONE LIGHTNING-SWIFT MOTION, THE SIGHTLESS SENSATION HOLDS HIS BILLY CLUB UP TO HIS FACE, SIMULTANEOUSLY PRESSING A HIDDEN STUD...
JUST IN TIME! I HAD A HUNCH THIS TELESCOPING FLEXI-SHIELD WOULD COME IN HANDY ONE DAY!
CLANG!


AND, DIRECTLY BELOW THE SCENE OF CARNAGE...
THE ENTIRE CAR IS STARTING TO SHAKE!
DOOM PRESSED THE EMERGENCY DEFENCE BUTTON! WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO SECONDS TO GET OUT!
QUICK, BEN--WE'LL SLAM INTO THE DOOR TOGETHER!
I HEAR YA TALKIN', CHUM!

IT'S A HECKUVA NOTE WHEN THE THING NEEDS SOMEBODY'S HELP TO BUST OUTTA ONE MEASLEY DOOR!
SHUT UP AND KEEP MOVING! THIS IS NO JOKE!! HURRY!!
34TH FLOOR
WHUMP!

WE MADE IT! ANOTHER SPLIT-SECOND, AND WE'D HAVE STILL BEEN IN THAT FLAMING CAR!
NOW LET'S GO AGAIN! THE FASTER WE MOVE, THE LESS VULNERABLE WE ARE!

LUCKY WE GOT AS FAR AS THE 34TH FLOOR! NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE FLIGHT TO GO!
LUCKY?? SHEEESH!! WE'RE ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY FROM FACING THE MOST DANGEROUS MENACE OF ALL TIME--WITHOUT OUR SUPER POWERS--WITHOUT ONE SINGLE WEAPON!
IF THAT'S LUCK, YOU CAN HAVE IT, PAL!
STEADY--ALL OF YOU! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW!

STAY BEHIND ME! WHATEVER HAPPENS, I'LL TAKE IT FIRST AND--LOOK OUT!!
HE FOUND YOUR STAIRWAY ATTACK BUTTON! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!
REED!!

I'LL LET THEM GET STILL CLOSER--LET THEM THINK THEY HAVE A CHANCE! AHH, THE EXQUISITE TRIUMPH OF THIS MOMENT IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION!
HE'S TURNED AWAY FROM ME AGAIN!
RELEASE THAT MACHINE, DOOM!

YOU DARE ATTACK ME PHYSICALLY?? YOU DARE LAY A HAND ON ME!!?
WHY NOT? I EVEN WALK IN THE RAIN WITHOUT MY BOOTIES SOMETIMES!
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME DAREDEVIL!

DAREDEVIL--BAH! SEE HOW EASILY I BREAK YOUR GRIP WITH MY STEEL-SHOD FINGERS!
I'M DONE TOYING WITH YOU NOW! YOU SHALL LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO INCUR THE WRATH OF DOCTOR DOOM!

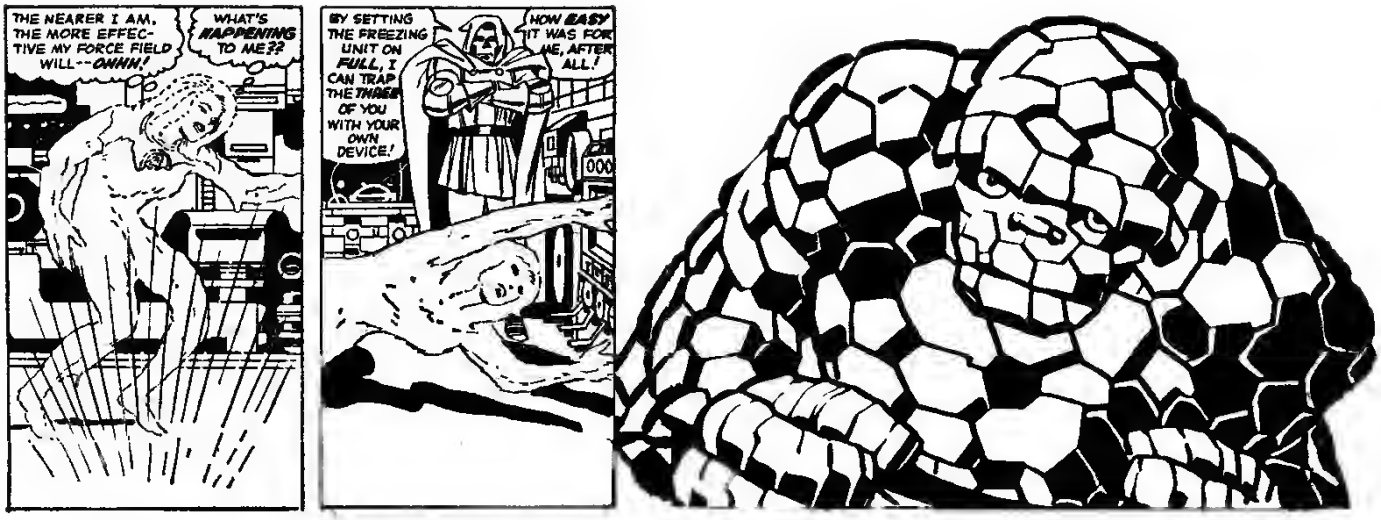
WHERE DO YOU DIG UP THAT DIALOGUE OF YOURS--IN CORN FLAKES BOXES?--UHHHH--!
I TRUST YOU ENJOYED THAT WITTICISM--FOR, IT IS THE LAST YOU SHALL EVER UTTER!
HE'S NOT KIDDING! IT'S LIKE BEING HELD BY A BULLDOZER!

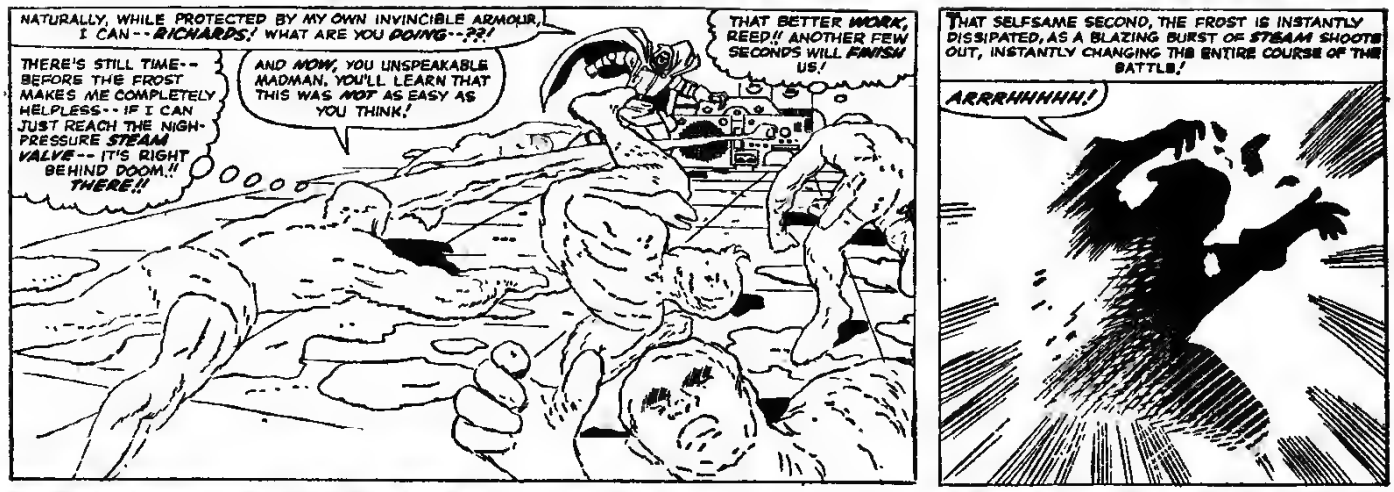
BUT, ONCE AGAIN THE FANTASTIC FOUR MAKE USE OF EVERY PRECIOUS SECOND'S REPRIEVE...
HE'S JUST AHEAD! I CAN HEAR HIM!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE SORRY OR GLAD!
WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN WE REACH HIM?
WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHIN'--IT SAYS HERE!

THERE HE IS! LET ME TACKLE 'IM FIRST!
DON'T TRY IT ALONE, BEN! WAIT FOR ME!
THEY'RE HERE! APPARENTLY I HAVE TARRIED WITH YOU TOO LONG!
I'M--BLACKING OUT--THE PAIN--SO INTENSE--IF--IF ONLY--!

LEGGO O' HIM, YOU CREEP! LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YA ARE AGAINST A--OWWW!
YOU THOUGHT A MERE FLESH-AND-BLOOD FIST COULD AFFECT THE ARMOUR-PLATED DR. DOOM??!!
MY HANDS--COMPLETELY NUMB--!

WITH ONE CASUAL SWEEP OF HIS STEEL-SHOD ARM, THE CLOAKED MENACE HURLS JOHNNY STORM FROM HIM WITHOUT A BACKWARDS GLANCE! AND THEN...
MMMMM--!
WHO ARE YOU, BUFFOON? WHERE IS REED RICHARDS--AND THE ACCURSED THING?
NEVER HAVING SEEN BEN GRIMM, DR. DOOM IS NOT AWARE THAT HE HIMSELF WAS ONCE THE MIGHTY THING! -- COS.
IT WAS TORTURE FOR ME TO LEAVE THEM TO FACE DOOM ALONE-- BUT IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE! I FOUND THE STIMULATOR!
IT HELPED TO DEFEAT THE SKRULLS NOT LONG AGO -- I PRAY IT'LL SERVE US AS WELL NOW!
I'VE ALREADY TURNED IT ON MYSELF!
NOW I'VE JUST TIME TO PLAY IT OVER YOU, SUE--!
RICHARDS! SO THERE YOU ARE!
REED! YOU FOUND IT!
EASY, BEN! I'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY THE ATTACK TO DOOM FOR US NOW!
REED!!- YOU'RE MISTER FANTASTIC AGAIN! WOWEEEE!
IT'S ABOUT TIME, RUBBERHEAD!
THE NUMBNESS IS PASSING -- BUT IT'LL STILL BE MINUTES BEFORE I CAN HELP THEM!
ALTHOUGH, IF THEY REGAIN THEIR POWERS, IT'S DOOM WHO'LL NEED THE HELP!
BLAST IT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HELPLESS! WHAT TRICK IS THIS?!!
BUT I CAN STILL SEIZE THE BOY BEFORE ANYTHING CAN STOP ME!
BECOME THE TORCH, JOHNNY! YOU CAN DO IT NOW!
YOU MEAN IT, REED?! HONEST?!!!
FLAME ON!
VA VOOOM! IT'S LIKE BEIN' REBORN!!
THAT MACHINE OF RICHARDS'! THAT'S WHAT DID IT! I WAS A FOOL!
BUT, IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! NOW, I'LL CRUSH YOU WHILE YOU'RE AT YOUR FULL STRENGTH! IT WILL BE MORE SATISFYING TO ME THAN EVER!
I GOT NEWS FOR YA, DOC! ANY CRUSHING THAT'S GONNA BE DONE--WE'LL DO IT!
AND, THIS'LL SHOW THAT THE HUMAN TORCH KNOWS HOW TO PLAY CAT AND MOUSE GAMES WITH HIS ENEMIES ALSO!
NO, JOHNNY! DON'T TOY WITH HIM! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS! BE CAREFUL!
AW, WHO'RE YOU KIDDIN', REED! HIS NUMBER'S UP NOW, AND HE KNOWS IT!
JOHNNY! HIS FOOT--IT'S STEPPING ON THAT LEVER! LOOK OUT!
BUT, SUE'S FRENZIED WARNING COMES A SPLIT-SECOND TOO LATE--!
TAKE COVER, JOHNNY! HE ACTIVATED THE IN-FLOOR REFRIGERATION UNIT-- YOUR FLAME'S DYING OUT!
WE'VE GOT TO REACH HIM BEFORE HE CAN PLAN A NEW ATTACK!
I'LL TURN INVISIBLE-- GET AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE!


THE NEARER I AM, THE MORE EFFECTIVE MY FORCE FIELD WILL--OHHH!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??
BY SETTING THE FREEZING UNIT ON FULL, I CAN TRAP THE THREE OF YOU WITH YOUR OWN DEVICE!
HOW EASY IT WAS FOR ME, AFTER ALL!


NATURALLY, WHILE PROTECTED BY MY OWN INVINCIBLE ARMOUR, I CAN--RICHARDS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING--??!
THAT BETTER WORK, REED!! ANOTHER FEW SECONDS WILL FINISH US!
THERE'S STILL TIME-- BEFORE THE FROST MAKES ME COMPLETELY HELPLESS-- IF I CAN JUST REACH THE HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM VALVE-- IT'S RIGHT BEHIND DOOM!! THERE!!
AND NOW, YOU UNSPEAKABLE MADMAN, YOU'LL LEARN THAT THIS WAS NOT AS EASY AS YOU THINK!

THAT SELFSAME SECOND, THE FROST IS INSTANTLY DISSIPATED, AS A BLAZING BURST OF STEAM SHOOTS OUT, INSTANTLY CHANGING THE ENTIRE COURSE OF THE BATTLE!
ARRRHHHHH!

MY ARMOUR PROTECTS ME EASILY ENOUGH, BUT THE STEAM HAS SHATTERED THE FREEZING UNIT-- IT SAVED THE FANTASTIC FOUR BY A HAIRSBREADTH!!

THEY'VE WON THIS ROUND! BUT, BY THE TIME THEY REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, I'LL HAVE DESTROYED THIS BUILDING, THIS BLOCK--AND THE ENTIRE CITY!!

BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!!
BUT--WHERE DID DOOM RUN OFF TO?
WHEREVER IT WAS, JOHNNY, YOU CAN BE SURE HE HASN'T GIVEN UP THE FIGHT!
REED, NEVER MIND ME! I-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BUT, BEN--YOU STILL HAVE TO BATHE HIM IN THE RAYS OF THE STIMULATOR!
I WILL, MY DARLING! AS SOON AS I PUT YOU DOWN! YOU--YOU LOOKED SO LIFELESS FOR A MOMENT, I--I DIDN'T KNOW--!

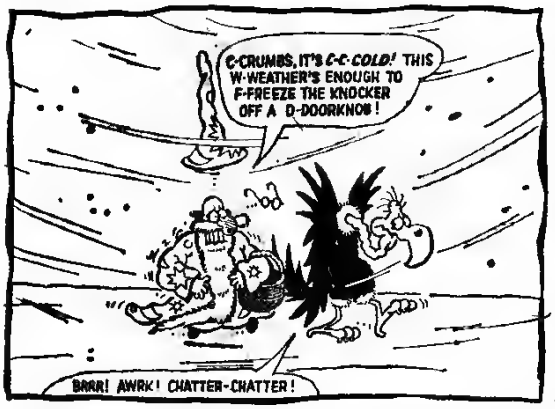
HEY, STRETCHO! IF THAT GIZMO CAN BRING OUR POWERS BACK, WHY DIDN'T YOU USE IT ON US BEFORE, INSTEAD OF WASTIN' TIME WITH THOSE NUTTY SUBSTITUTE GADGETS OF YOURS?
THE STIMULATOR'S ENERGY HAD BEEN ALL BUT DRAINED ON THE SKRULL PLANET! IT NEEDED ANOTHER FEW DAYS OF RECHARGING!
I HAD BEEN WONDERING THE SAME THING!
THOSE SUBSTITUTE DEVICES WERE MERELY STOP GAP MEASURES, IN CASE OF EXTREME EMERGENCY!

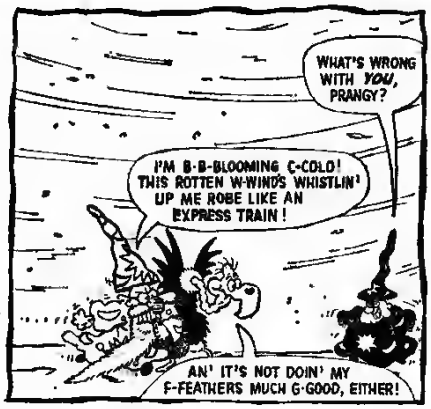
NOW HOLD STILL, BEN! THIS IS THE LAST ENERGY BURST LEFT! I DON'T WANT TO MISS!
BUT--MEBBE I DON'T WANNA BECOME THE THING AGAIN!! I'M FINALLY NORMAL--LIKE ANYONE ELSE!
YOU'VE NO CHOICE, OLD FRIEND! WITH DOOM STILL AT LARGE, WE NEED ALL OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH! THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE!

DESPERATE MEASURES ARE NEEDED IN DESPERATE SITUATIONS, AND THIS IS ONE OF THEM! SO BE HERE NEXT WEEK, WHEN...

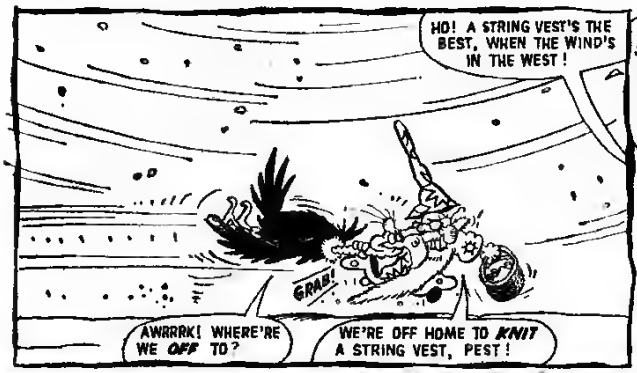
THE THING LIVES AGAIN!

WIZARD PRANG
IN
WIZ WAR
DEMON ORUID


C-CRUMBS, IT'S C-C-COLD! THIS W-WEATHER'S ENOUGH TO F-FREEZE THE KNOCKER OFF A D-DOORKNOB!
BRRR! AWRK! CHATTER-CHATTER!


WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PRANGY?
I'M B-B-BLOOMING C-COLD! THIS ROTTEN W-WIND'S WHISTLIN' UP ME ROBE LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN!
AN' IT'S NOT DOIN' MY F-FEATHERS MUCH G-GOOD, EITHER!

POOH! YOU SOPPY OL' WIZ! YOU WANT TO DO WHAT I DO... WEAR A STRING VEST! THAT'S GUARANTEED TO KEEP THE COLD OUT!


HO! A STRING VEST'S THE BEST, WHEN THE WIND'S IN THE WEST!
GRAB!
AWRRRK! WHERE'RE WE OFF TO?
WE'RE OFF HOME TO KNIT A STRING VEST, PEST!

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', WIZZY?
'COURSE I DO! ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN KNOWN AS THE BIGGEST KNIT IN THE BUSINESS!

PURL ONE, PLAIN TWO, SLIP ONE, DROP ONE, AND CAST OFF...

GRRRR! BAH! IT'S MORE LIKS A BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENT THAN A ROTTEN VEST!
AWRK!

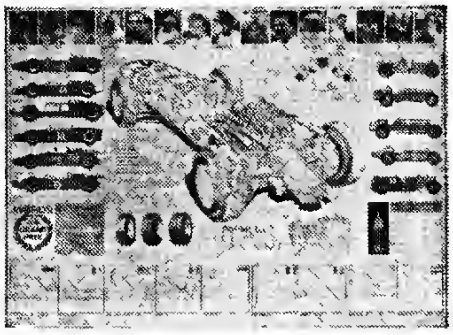
IDEA!
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!.....

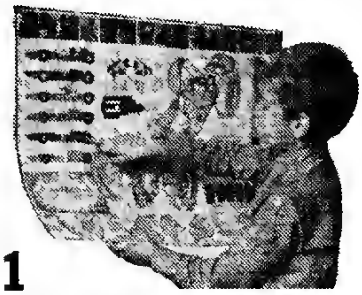
..... I'LL KNIT A VERY SMALL VEST.....
SHUFFLE SHUFFLE.

.....AN' MAGIC IT UP TO THE RIGHT SIZE!

Later...
I AM NOW WEARING MY VEST AND I WILL PUT IT TO THE TEST BY GOING OUT INTO THE ICY BLAST!
WIZARD PRANG IS OUT!
EEEEAWK! I'M S-STILL F-FREEZIN'!
WHAT WENT WRONG, WIZZY?
GRRR! BRRR! I MADE A STUPID MISTAKE, ENGELBERT!....
WHEN I MAGICKED THE VEST BIGGER I ALSO MAGICKED THE HOLES BIGGER .. AN' THAT ROTTEN WIND WHISTLES RIGHT THROUGH THEM!
AWRK! AH, WELL, WE CAN ALWAYS BURN IT AN' HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF WARMTH!
Mike Brown

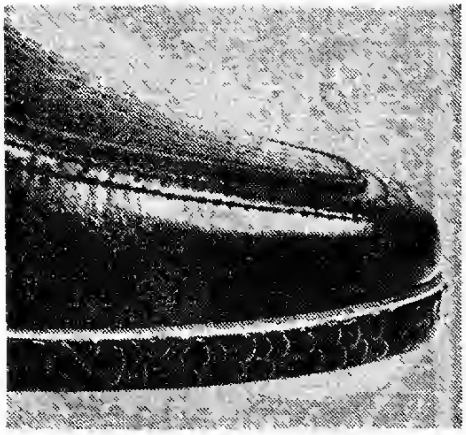
Boy! Look what you get with Wards Grand Prix shoes





1

Free motor racing wall chart
Drivers, cars, circuits, lap records—the whole Grand Prix scene in full colour! Hurry—supplies are limited

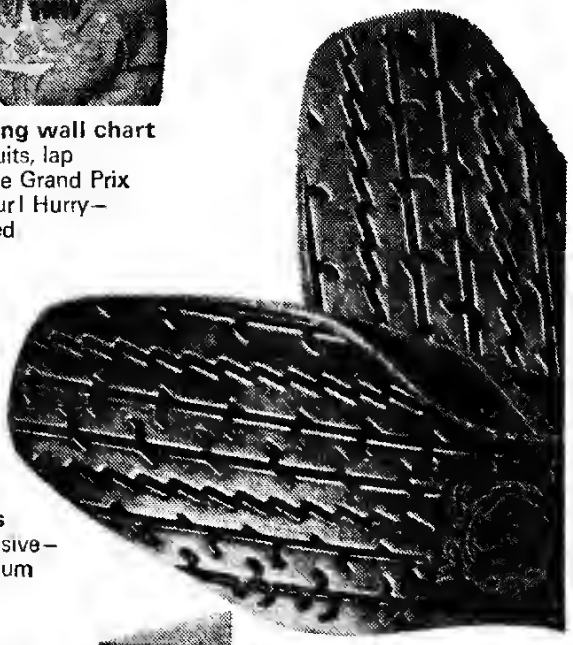


2

Tyre tread soles
Only Wards Grand Prix have deep-grip tyre tread soles for a fast getaway on the trickiest surface!

3

Anti-knock over-riders
Another Grand Prix exclusive—deep sidewalls for maximum bodywork protection in tight corners.



MONACO LE MANS MONZA SEBRING SILVERSTONE

4

Endurance guarantee
Written six-month guarantee with every pair. That'll please Mother!

5

Choice of styles
Five great body styles. 'Step on it' and choose yours today!

WARDS
GRAND PRIX
new high performance shoes

Name of nearest stockist from Wards Branded Footwear Limited Barwell, Leicester LE9 8GF

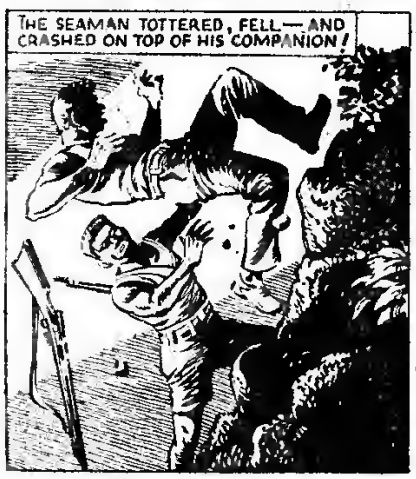
DEVIL OF THE DEEP

KNOWING THAT THE CROOKS WERE STILL HUNTING FOR THEM, NICK SWIFTLY PULLED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER.
COME ON, SAMMY, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE OUR CHANCE. WE MUST START CLIMBING THE CLIFF WHILE THE SEARCHLIGHT'S NOT ON US!
While searching for the Monster of Manako Deep, Captain Bill Barnes and his nephews, Nick and Sammy Swift, were attacked by Captain Sharkey and his partner, Yamasaki, of the tramp steamer, Sukala. Sammy was captured, but Nick rescued him. Eagerly they headed for their ketch, Stormbird.
WITHOUT HIS GLASSES, SAMMY WAS ONLY DIMLY AWARE WHERE HE WAS GOING. BUT HE RELIED ON NICK'S DIRECTIONS...
I LEFT MY REVOLVER ON TOP OF THE CLIFF. IF WE CAN REACH THAT, WE'LL HAVE MORE CHANCE OF FIGHTING 'EM OFF!
BEWARE THE BEAST THAT LURKS BELOW, THE THING THAT HAUNTS MEN'S SLEEP, TO LIVE IS BETTER THAN TO KNOW THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP
NEXT MOMENT ONE OF SAMMY'S FEET WAVED WILDLY IN EMPTY AIR AS A LOOSE ROCK FELL AWAY BENEATH IT!
GOSH— HANG ON, SAMMY!
THE SPLASH OF THE FALLING ROCK IN THE WATER WAS CLEARLY HEARD. SUKALA'S QUESTING LIGHT FLICKED ACROSS THEM, FLICKED BACK AND HELD!
THERE THEY ARE! SHOOT!
KEEP GOING, SAMMY!
ABOARD SUKALA, CAPTAIN SHARKEY CHUCKLED SAVAGELY AS YAMASAKI'S RIFLE CRACKED!
YOU SAID YOU'D GET 'EM YAMASAKI! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!
WITH BULLETS WHISTLING ROUND THEM, NICK AND SAMMY CLIMBED ON DESPERATELY!
I—I CAN'T MAKE IT, NICK... LEAVE ME AND GO ON!
YOU MUST MAKE IT! PULL OUT ALL THE STOPS, OLD SON!

BELOW THEM, AS SAMMY DRAGGED HIMSELF UPWARDS WITH ACHING ARMS AND BURSTING LUNGS, THE BOAT FROM THE TRAMP STEAMER SWUNG IN TO THE CLIFF.
IF THOSE BULLETS DON'T GET 'EM, WE WILL! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE ME MY SHARE OF THE LOOT!

AT LAST THE TWO FUGITIVES PULLED THEMSELVES OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, AND NICK DRAGGED SAMMY OUT OF RANGE.
GET YOUR BREATH BACK AND MAKE FOR THE JUNGLE OVER THERE, SAMMY. SHARKEY AND HIS GANG WON'T GIVE UP EASILY!

NEXT SECOND, ONE OF THE CLIMBERS SCRAMBLED OVER THE EDGE AND SWUNG HIS RIFLE ROUND!
I GIVE YOU FIVE SECONDS TO GET BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM! ONE-TWO—



NICK WAITED ONLY TO HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THEIR FALL AND TWO HEAVY SPLASHES IN THE WATER FAR BELOW. THEN HE RAN TO SAMMY...
THOSE MEN— THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED US!
WELL, THEY WON'T DO SO NOW!

INTO THE DARK TANGLE OF MANAKO'S JUNGLE NICK LED HIS SHORT-SIGHTED BROTHER...
WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE MIGHT BE AFTER US, BUT WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE — THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND US IN THIS DARKNESS. THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT TO PICK UP TRACKS!

MEANWHILE, YAMASAKI LEFT SUKALA WHILE CAPTAIN SHARKEY FUMED OVER THE BROTHERS' DARING ESCAPE.
THEIR BOAT MUST BE SOMEWHERE ROUND THE ISLAND. I SHALL SEARCH FROM THE SEA.
IF YOU FIND 'EM, SIGNAL ME AND I'LL HELP YOU TO SINK 'EM!

HOURS LATER, EXHAUSTED AND TATTERED, NICK AND SAMMY CLIMBED ABOARD STORMBIRD — TO BE GREETED BY BILL...
THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE BOTH SAFE! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO ASHORE AND LOOK FOR YOU!
SKIPPER, WE'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING BIG! WE MUST PUT TO SEA RIGHT AWAY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MANAKO MONSTER!

In Next Week's *SMASH*— Perilous Collision at Sea!

SUPERMAN AND BATMAN
WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER
WHILE SUPERMAN — AS REPORTER CLARK KENT — VISITS PROF. ZINKK IN HIS SINISTER LABORATORY, BATMAN AND ROBIN REPORT THE GRIM NEWS OF ZINKK'S QUICKSAND GRAVEYARD TO THE POLICE...
THE WORLD IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT THOSE THUGS, BUT --
TO DIE IN QUICKSAND IS A TERRIBLE WAY TO GO! STILL --
-- THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT --
-- THEY FINALLY LEARNED THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
SIT RIGHT THERE AND LISTEN, MR. KENT! I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING -- INCLUDING THE WAY I KILLED SUPERMAN!
WELL! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
I FEEL ALMOST SORRY FOR PROF. ZINKK WHEN HE FINDS OUT I'M SUPERMAN!
NOW, MY SNOOPING FRIEND, YOU'RE TRAPPED IN MY MOLECULAR DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR!
HOW ABOUT THAT!
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!
--AND AS I STEP UP THE POWER, YOU WILL DISSOLVE TO NOTHINGNESS, MOLECULE BY SNOOPY MOLECULE!
THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE -- BUT --
MEANWHILE, IN THE BATCOPTER --
I WONDER HOW SUPERMAN IS DOING WITH PROF. ZINKK?
LET'S GO SEE!
GREAT SCOTT!! I WAITED TOO LONG! I -- I'VE VANISHED!!!
MERE MOMENTS AFTER SUPERMAN SITS IN PROF. ZINKK'S MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR, HE VANISHES!
SO MUCH FOR THAT SNOOPER!
I'M AFRAID I UNDERESTIMATED THE PROFESSOR!
I MUST SAY, IT'S AN ODD FEELING TO DISAPPEAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR OWN EYES!
DUM DE DUM DUM

SUPERMAN SHOULD HAVE COLLARED PROF. ZINKK BY NOW!
WE'LL SOON SEE!
THE BATCOPTER WILL HOVER HERE SILENTLY WHILE WE HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE TELESCOPE-SLIT!
ZINKK IS IN THERE ALL RIGHT--
--BUT NO SUPERMAN!!
LET'S BUST IN AND MAKE ZINKK TELL US WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SUPERMAN!!
EASY, CHUM--
--I HAVE A HUNCH SUPERMAN IS IN THERE, EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE HIM!
--OTHERWISE WHY WOULD PROF. ZINKK BE TALKING TO AN EMPTY CHAIR?
BUT THAT'S CRAZY!
SO MY MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR HAS ATOMIZED ANOTHER SNOOPER!
SEEMS A SHAME TO SPOIL HIS FUN, BUT--
--SORRY, PROF. ZINKK! I'M STILL HERE!
SUPERMAN'S VOICE!
WEAK -- BUT INDUBITABLY HIS--
SUPERMAN IS IN THAT CHAIR-- BUT HE'S INVISIBLE!!
ONE OF PROF. ZINKK'S SINISTER SCIENTIFIC STRATAGEMS, NO DOUBT!
WE'LL MAKE ZINKK BRING HIM BACK!
NO, ROBIN-- WE MIGHT ONLY COMPLICATE MATTERS!
B-BUT YOU CAN'T BE THERE! Y-YOU'VE BEEN ATOMIZED!
MY MOLECULES ARE FAIRLY LOOSE, I'LL ADMIT-- BUT NOT ENTIRELY SCATTERED!
WATCH CAREFULLY, PROFESSOR! I'M GOING TO MAKE A SUPER-EFFORT--
--TO REASSEMBLE ALL MY MOLECULES--
--LIKE THIS!
S-S-S-SUPERMAN!!
MORE SUPER BAT-VENTURE NEXT WEEK!

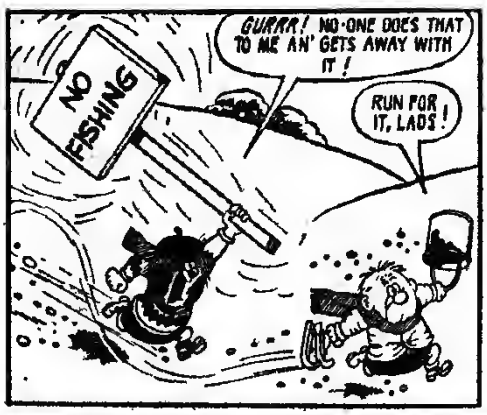
BAD PENNY

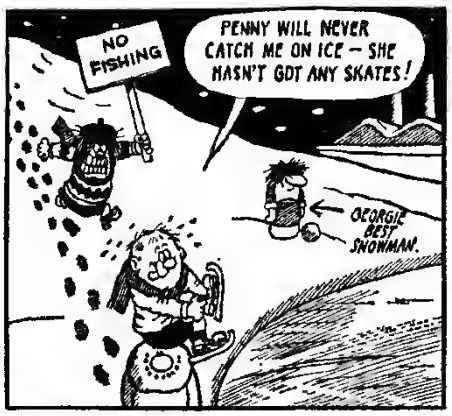
OL' PENNY
1969

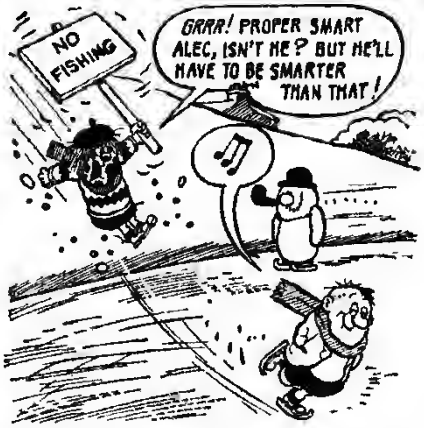
TITTER!
NO FISHING
NO SKATING TODAY, LADS – THE ICE IS BROKEN!
BAH!
BOO!

HAR! HAR! I PAINTED THAT HOLE ON THE ICE!
PAINT

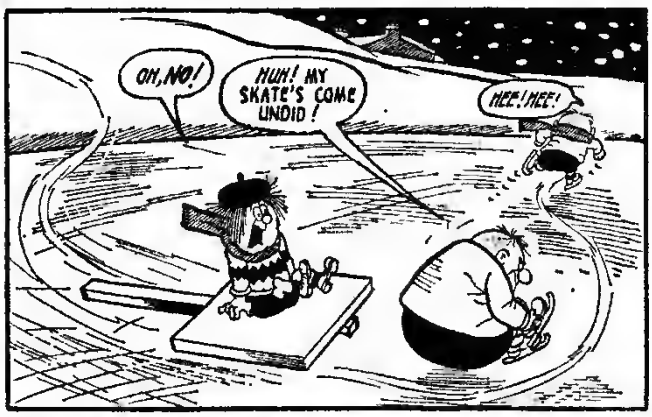
VERRRY FUNNY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A HOLE IN THE HEAD? AFTER ALL, IT IS CRACKED ALREADY!
ERK!


NO FISHING
GURRR! NO-ONE DOES THAT TO ME AN' GETS AWAY WITH IT!
RUN FOR IT, LADS!

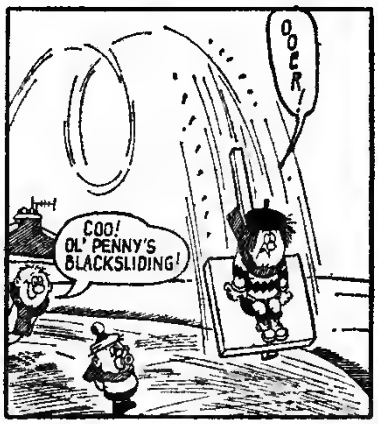

NO FISHING
PENNY WILL NEVER CATCH ME ON ICE – SHE HASN'T GOT ANY SKATES!
GEORGIE BEST SNOWMAN.

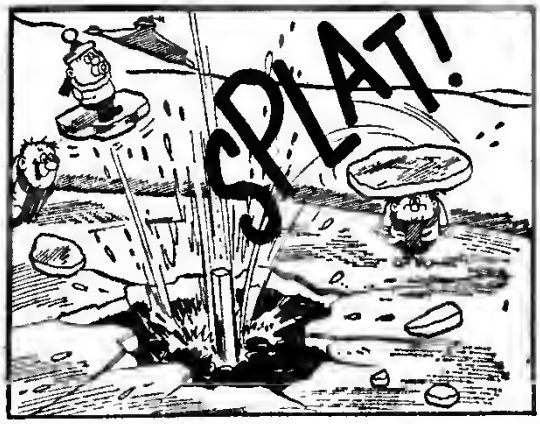

NO FISHING
GRRR! PROPER SMART ALEC, ISN'T HE? BUT HE'LL HAVE TO BE SMARTER THAN THAT!

I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE SELLING THESE ICE-LOLLIES!
WHO NEEDS SKATES – NOT ME ON MY NOT-ICE!
HELP!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS


OH, NO!
HUH! MY SKATE'S COME UNDID!
HEE! HEE!

ERK! I'VE TAKEN OFF!
?


OOER!
COO! OL' PENNY'S BLACKSLIDING!


SPLAT!

NO FISHING
GARR! I'M REALLY MAD NOW!
GULP! HER NOT-ICE IS ALL ICE NOW! —
NO FISHING
ER - MAY I BORROW YOUR HAIR-DRIER, MUM?
NO FISHING
THIS WON'T MELT PENNY'S HEART — BUT IT WILL GET RID OF THOSE 'ORRIBLE ICY SPIKES!
UH?
GRRR! I'M REALLY SOAKED NOW — THAT'S TWO BATHS TODAY, AN' IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!
NO FISHING
THAT'S THE END OF THE HOT AIR - NOW TO KNOCK HIM COLD!
OH, DEAR! MY MUM WON'T LIKE THIS!
GRRR! YOU'RE BLOOMIN' RIGHT! WON'T LIKE IT — AND PENNY WON'T LIKE THIS!
NO FISHING
EEK! LET GO OF MY LEG!
HO! HO! PENNY'S BEING MUMMIFIED!
AWWK!
WHAT'S SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? SHE TOLD ME TO LET GO OF HER LEG!
COO! PENNY'S MAKING A 'COME-BACK!'
SMASH IS SMASHING
CRACK!
GRRR! PENNY'S CRACKED THE ICE WIV' HER NUT!
SCRAG THE ROTTER, MEN!
SHE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! THOSE ARE REAL CRACKS!
GRRR! ONE CRACK OUT OF YOU ROTTEN READERS - AN' I'LL PERSONALLY COME OUT THERE AN' PULVERISE YOU!
HEH! HEH! WE'LL KNOCK HER OUT!

DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH SPEED-ACE, DRIVING FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A. HAD FALLEN FOUL OF VIC STAFFORD, PUMAS' ACE DRIVER, WHOM HE SUSPECTED OF BEING A TRAITOR TO THE FIRM. ON THE EVE OF THE 500 ANZON DERBY RACE JEFF OVERHEARD STAFFORD PLOTTING WITH NERO AUTOS, PUMAS' BITTER RIVALS, BUT WAS DISCOVERED AND IMPRISONED ABOARD A NON-STOP TRAIN FROM WHICH HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE RACE. TRYING TO THUMB A LIFT BACK TO ANZON COUNTY, JEFF ACCIDENTALLY STEPPED IN FRONT OF A SPEEDING HOT ROD.

YELLING FRANTICALLY TO JEFF, THE HOT ROD DRIVER SWERVED ——

FOR A MOMENT IT WAS TOUCH AND GO ---

---BUT JEFF JUST MADE IT!

THE DRIVER ALIGHTED, AND TURNED ANGRILY TO MEET JEFF!

YOU BONE-HEADED GALOOT! IF YOU'D EVER DONE ANY RACING, YOU'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO JAY-WALK ON A PRIVATE ROAD USED FOR SPEED TESTING!

SWIFTLY JEFF APOLOGISED, THEN ----

I **AM** A RACING DRIVER--JEFF JACKSON OF PUMAS! IT'S VITAL I REACH ANZON COUNTY IN TIME TO COMPETE IN THE ANZON DERBY! CAN YOU HELP ME?

WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID?

JEFF PRODUCED PAPERS WHICH CONVINCED THE YOUNG HOT ROD DRIVER.

BY HECK, IT'S TRUE! YOU **ARE** JEFF JACKSON! PLEASED TO MEETCHA! I'M CHUCK RIPLEY. BUT YOU'RE THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM THE DERBY CIRCUIT. I DOUBT IF WE COULD DO IT IN TIME---

CHUCK, I'VE **GOT** TO DO IT! HAVE A SHOT AT IT — WILL YOU?

O.K. — BUT YOU TAKE THE WHEEL! SEE WHAT YOU CAN GET OUT OF MY LITTLE BUS!

THANKS, CHUCK! YOU'RE A SPORT!

NEXT MOMENT, THE SPEEDY CAR ROARED AWAY---

HANG ON---! HERE WE GO!

AT FIRST, JEFF WAS ABLE TO DRIVE FLAT OUT ALONG THE DESERTED HIGHWAYS—

ZOWIE! WE'LL DO IT EASILY, IF YOU KEEP UP THIS SPEED!

BUT LATER, DENSE TRAFFIC AND SPEED LIMITS FORCED JEFF TO SLOW DOWN

I DAREN'T GO ANY FASTER. THERE'S A FIFTY MILE AN HOUR LIMIT IN THIS AREA!

AT LENGTH, JEFF WAS ABLE TO ACCELERATE AGAIN—

THE RACE STARTS AT 2 O'CLOCK! HOW ARE WE DOING?

NOT SO GOOD—IT'S ALMOST 1 O'CLOCK NOW! YOU'LL HAVE TO FILL UP SOON, TOO!

AFTER A STOP FOR PETROL, THEY ROARED OFF ONCE MORE.

STEP ON IT! THERE'S LESS THAN AN HOUR TO GO TO THE START!

MEANWHILE, IN THE RACE COMPETITORS' PADDOCK AT THE ANZON DERBY CIRCUIT, ED BREDON, CHIEF OF PUMAS, TURNED ANXIOUSLY TO FLOYD HALEY, JEFF'S MECCO PAL.

WHERE THE BLAZES IS JACKSON? DOESN'T HE REALISE HOW DESPERATELY IMPORTANT THE RACE IS—TO PUMAS AND HIMSELF!

I CAN'T THINK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, MR. BREDON. BUT I'LL STAKE MY LIFE HE'LL TURN UP IN TIME. HE'D NEVER LET YOU DOWN!

VIC STAFFORD, PUMAS' TREACHEROUS ACE DRIVER, SNEERED AS HE HEARD—

I WARNED YOU NOT TO PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN JACKSON, MR. BREDON. HE'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED. IF WE LOSE TO-DAY, IT'LL BE HIS FAULT. I CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO DO IT ALL ON MY OWN!

YOU'RE RIGHT, STAFFORD! IF JACKSON DOESN'T TURN UP I'LL FIRE HIM!

BUT BEFORE FLOYD HALEY COULD SPEAK IN JEFF'S DEFENCE—

HEY THERE, FLOYD! COME AN' SIGN FOR THIS SPECIAL OIL YOU ORDERED.

AS FLOYD TURNED AWAY, VIC STAFFORD DARTED OVER TO THE CAR JEFF WAS TO DRIVE IN THE VITAL RACE.

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO PUT PUMAS OUT OF THE PRIZE MONEY! EVEN IF JACKSON ARRIVES IN TIME TO RACE, THIS PELLET WILL MAKE SURE HE WON'T WIN. WHEN THE ENGINE HOTS UP, IT'LL MELT AND SET THE WHOLE CAR ABLAZE!

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE——A DARE-DEVIL HOT ROD "LONG-JUMP"!

The NERVS
LOOK AT ALL THAT SNOW! THOUSANDS OF TONS OF THE STUFF AND YOU CAN'T EVEN EAT IT! WHY CAN'T THEY INVENT SOMETHING TO TURN IT INTO SEMOLINA!!??
WHY CAN'T YOU GO AND PLAY IN THE SNOW LIKE OTHER KIDS? YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME INSIDE! IT ISN'T HEALTHY! YOU'RE GOING OUT, LAD!
AAGH! YOU CAN'T DO IT, MUM! I'LL DIE OF EXPOSURE!
WAAH! I'M FROZEN ALREADY! LET ME BACK IN!
SLAM
NUTS!
LATER...
COR! INSTANT HOTNESS!!
AAAH! THE SHEER BLISS OF IT ALL! YOU CAN'T BEAT TOASTING YOUR DOGS BEFORE A NICE FIRE! SIGH!
OI'D BETTER NOT BE MAKING A CRACK ABOUT HOT DOGS OR THE FAT FOOL WILL BE THINKING OF FEASTIN' ON HIS OWN FEET!
NO DOUBT THERE ARE MANY AMONGST YOU WHO ARE WONDERING WHY SOME OF US CALL OUR FEET 'DOGS'. WELL, IN THE CASE OF OUR FAT FRIEND THE EXPLANATION IS QUITE SIMPLE—
NOW OVER TO THE NERVS INSIDE FATTY...
—DOWN HERE IN FATGUTS FOOT ARE KEPT THE NERY DOGS, KEPT DOWN HERE TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN THEM AND THE CAT-NAP-CATS UP IN THE HEAD DEPARTMENT! IT'S ALL QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY.
AAGH! GASP! IF FATTY DOESN'T TAKE HIS FEET AWAY FROM THAT BRAZIER HE'LL COOK US ALL!
G-GULP! THE DOGS WILL GO BERSERK IF THEY DON'T GET SOME WATER SOON! AND THEY CAN'T DRINK THAT STUFF — IT'S BOILING LIKE MAD WITH THE HEAT!
HOW DO THE FOOT NERVS GET A TANKFUL OF WATER? THEY DRAIN IT OFF WHEN FATTY GETS WATER ON THE KNEE!
AAGH! RUN FOR IT! BONZO'S GONE LOCO! IT'S THE HEAT!
BARK! BARK!
KEEP THOSE CHOMPERS AWAY FROM ME! HELP!
GRRRR! I MUST HAVE WATER! WHERE IS IT, TWERP?
IT'S OVER THERE, BONZO! GASP! B-BUT—
GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!
OH, NO! HE'S DRINKING IT SO FAST THAT HE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED IT'S BOILING YET! HE'LL GO P-P-POTTY WHEN HE DOES!

HERE'S WHAT A REAL HOT DOG LOOKS LIKE—BOILING MAD!
UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN BONZO GETS MAD HIS FIRST THOUGHT IS TO GET HOLD OF SOME POOR CAT!
YOU'RE THE ONLY BLOKE THAT'S ARMED DOWN HERE IN FATTY'S HEEL, ACHILLES! IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S UP TO YOU TO STOP HIM! I'LL FETCH THE CHARIOT!
ZOOM!
BANZAI! MUTILATE ALL MOGGIES!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS UP TO THE CAT-NAP-CATS IN FATTY'S HEAD!
MASH ALL MOGGIES! GNASH! GRRRR!
A CUNNING ARROW BETWEEN THE LEGS WILL STOP THAT HOUND WITH A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED TRIP!
AIEE! AAGH! I'VE BEEN STABBED IN ME PRIME!
G-GULP! I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD WITH A BOW AND ARROW—ALWAYS PREFERRED THE JAVELIN!
YIKES! I'M STILL GOING UP!
WELCOME TO THE FAT ONES THROAT HOLE!
YOU'D BETTER GRAB HOLD OF SOMETHING! IF YOU KEEP GOING YOU'LL FLY STRAIGHT OUT THROUGH THE CAKEHOLE! FATTY IS LYING WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN, HOPING SOME PASSING SAMARITAN POPS A SWEET INTO IT!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THE FAT TWERP HASN'T HAD HIS TONSILS TAKEN OUT!
SNAP!
AAGH! I'VE BEEN BITTEN! SEND FOR THE DOC!
H'MM! YES! I CAN JUST SEE THROUGH THAT LUMP OF MASHED SPUD, MY BOY! YOU'VE BEEN BITTEN ALL RIGHT. YES—A DEFINITE CASE OF FROSTBITE!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW SOMETHING HORRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU PUT ME OUT IN THE COLD! I'M DONE FOR!
MOST UNUSUAL! MOST UNUSUAL!
F-FROSTBITE?? IN HIS TONSILS!
MAD
GOOD OLD BONZO! AT LEAST YOU GOT HIM AWAY FROM THAT FIRE! THERE'S LOTS OF COLD WATER NOW!
AAH! NICE FRESH AIR AGAIN!
BRR! I'M F-F-FROZEN!
SOME FOLKS ARE NEVER SATISFIED!
DON'T I GET ANY THANKS?

THE MIGHTY THOR!

"ABANDONED ON EARTH!"

HEED THE WORDS OF THOR, EVIL ONES...
SINCE I HAVE RESISTED THEE UPON THE PLANET EARTH! 'TIS HERE THOU MUST BE PUNISHED!
WE ARE POWERLESS NOW!
THUS, WE MUST YIELD!
*BRONA AND MAGNIR WERE DEFEATED BY THOR LAST ISH, REMEMBER? ... COS!
BOY, WAIT'LL THE SARGE GETS A LOAD OF THOSE COOKIES!
THEY LOOK LIKE REFUGEES FROM A MARDI GRAS ... BUT IF THOR SAYS THEY'RE DANGEROUS, KEEP 'EM COVERED!
TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO! ALTHOUGH BRONA AND MAGNIR ARE NOW KAPUT, FIENDISH FORSUNG IS STILL BATTLING ODIN UP IN ASGARD, AND... AWW, WHY TELL YOU NOW? IT'S ALL SPELLED OUT ON THE PAGES AHEAD...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967

IF THEIR AWESOME POWERS RETURN, THOU MUST SUMMON THOR AND HIS FELLOWS!
WE STAND EVER READY TO DO BLUDGEONING BATTLE AGAINST SUCH AS THEY!

IF THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS, WE'RE MUCH OBLIGED, FELLA!
I NEVER TOOK MUCH STOCK IN THIS ASGARD BIT, BUT I'LL ADMIT ONE THING...
I'D SURE RATHER HAVE YOU WITH US THAN AGIN' US!

THOUGH BRONA AND MAGNIR HAVE BEEN DULY VANQUISHED, THE PERIL IS NOT YET PAST!
HERE ON EARTH, WE BE STRIPPED OF OUR ASGARDIAN POWER WHILST MOST REGAL ODIN DOTH BATTLE THE ENCHANTER FORSUNG!
SIF KNOWS NO FEAR, SO LONG AS THOR STANDS AT HER SIDE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW BALDER, THOR'S ASGARDIAN BROTHER-AT-ARMS FEELS TO HEAR SIF'S WORDS...
WOULD THAT THE EARS OF BALDER MIGHT HEAR SUCH WORDS... FROM ONE AS FAIR AS SIF!
BUT, ALAS, 'TIS THOR TO WHOM HER HEART IS PLEDGED!

AND THOR, WHO IS MORE THAN BROTHER TO BALDER--MUST NE'ER SUSPECT THAT WHICH LIES HEAVY WITHIN' MY HEART.
MAYBE IT'S ALL PART OF SOME FAR-OUT INITIATION!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT CLUB HE BELONGS TO...
...BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE TO JOIN!

WHILE, IN THE HALLOWED REALM OF ASGARD, TWO MIGHTY FIGURES SUDDENLY MATERIALIZE--HAVING FOUGHT THEIR BATTLE FROM ONE END OF THE UNIVERSE TO THE OTHER...
EVEN THE DREAD POWER OF ENCHANTMENT WHICH THOU DIDST POSSESS COULD NOT MATCH THE REGAL MIGHT OF OMNIPOTENT ODIN!
THUS, THE CHALLENGE IS ENDED! THOU HAST GAMBLED THY LIFE, AND THOU HAST LOST!

BOTH FORSUNG, THE ENCHANTER... AND THAT WHICH WAS THE LIVING TALISMAN--HAVE PERISHED IN THE FRAY!
LET THE WORD ISSUE FORTH... ASGARD STILL STANDS!

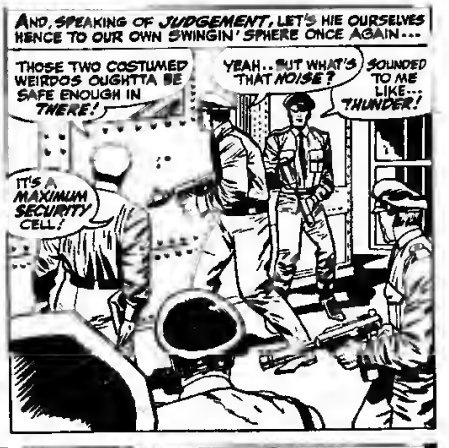
SINCE TIME'S FIRST DAWNING, MANY HAVE THREATENED THE RULE IMPERIAL...
AND MANY MORE SHALL THERE BE TO COME!
BUT, EVER SHALL THEIR FATE BE AS TODAY...

DEATH TO THE FOES OF ASGARD!!
I HAVE SPOKEN!
THE GOLDEN REALM SHALL E'ER ENDURE!

ODIN IS THE POWER SUPREME! ODIN IS THE WORD--AND THE WAY--AND THE WONDER!
LET ALL WHO LIVE NOW KNOW THEM THIS...

ODIN IS JUST!! ODIN IS MERCIFUL!!
AND YET...

ODIN IS A VENGEFUL LIEGE--ODIN IS AN ANGRY LIEGE--ODIN IS NOW AND FOREVER--SUPREME!
AND..WOE TO HIM WHO STRAYS FROM RIGHTEOUSNESS!.
...FOR THE RAGE OF THE ALL-FATHER IS TRULY ETERNAL--AND HIS JUDGEMENT..ALL-CONSUMING!


AND, SPEAKING OF JUDGEMENT, LET'S HIE OURSELVES HENCE TO OUR OWN SWINGIN' SPHERE ONCE AGAIN...
THOSE TWO COSTUMED WEIRDOS OUGHTTA BE SAFE ENOUGH IN THERE!
YEAH..BUT WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
SOUNDED TO ME LIKE...THUNDER!
IT'S A MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL!

THUNDER?!! HOW IN SAM HILL CAN... HEY!!
SPARKS FLYING ALL AROUND--AND BLINKING LIGHTS! WHA... WHAT'S GOING ON?!?
LOOK AT THAT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENIN' IN THERE!

THEN, A VOICE ISSUES FORTH...ONE LIKE NO VOICE EVER HEARD BY MORTAL EARS...
KNOW YE THE JUDGEMENT OF ODIN--
THOU ART HENCEFORTH BANISHED..TO THE LOST LIMBO OF INFINITY UNENDING!

FIRST...THOSE SPARKS! THEN--THAT DEAFENING VOICE!
AND NOW... THEY'RE GONE!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
WHAT'S BOTHERIN' ME IS...
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE WE GONNA TELL THE CHIEF?!!

AND, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE VAST, SPRAWLING CITY ..
WOULD THAT MY FATHER'S BATTLE WITH FORSUNG DOTH PROVE SUCCESSFUL!
HERE, IN THE MORTAL OFFICE OF DR. DON BLAKE, THERE IS MUCH GOOD THAT I MAY DO!
ASGARD DOTH HAVE MANY IMMORTALS TO AID THE REALM .. YET EARTH HAS ONLY THOR!
BUT, WHAT OF THY FATHER'S WISHES!
FOR 'TIS MY TRUE DESIRE TO REMAIN UPON EARTH!
SURELY THE ALL-WISE WILL DESIRE THY RETURN!

NONE DO I LOVE MORE THAN HIM WHO IS SOVEREIGN OF US ALL!
AND YET-- TOO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST HAS THE GOD OF THUNDER INCURRED HIS REGAL DISPLEASURE!
I HAVE NO WISH TO E'ER DEFY HIS IMPERIAL DECREE.. AND YET...
IS HIS BLOOD NOT MINE? AM I LESS A GOD THAN HE??

STILL THY TONGUE, REBELLIOUS ONE!!
NOT A WORD IS UTTERED THAT DOTH NOT REACH THE EAR OF ODIN!
FORSUNG HATH BEEN VANQUISHED! NOW MUST ASGARD CLAIM HER OWN!

MY LIEGE! THE HEART... THE HAND... THE VERY LIFE OF BALDER ARE THINE, AS EVER, TO COMMAND!
THE WILL OF ODIN IS THE LAW SUPREME!
SO SPEAKS SIF!

SO BE IT!

BUT THOU.. FLESH OF MY FLESH... BLOOD OF MY BLOOD... STILL THOU DOST DEFY ME!
'TIS NOT DEFIANCE IN MY HEART, MOST NOBLE SIRE... BUT SORROW!
TOO LONG HAVE I DWELLED AMONGST THE EARTHLINGS! THEIR CAUSE IS MY CAUSE! THEIR DESTINY MUST BE MY DESTINY!

THEN SO LET IT BE! ON EARTH SHALT THOU STAY!
BUT, WITHOUT THE POWER OF ASGARD! WITHOUT THE POWER OF THE SON OF ODIN!

THUS, WITH THESE WORDS, I DO LEAVE THEE...
THINE HAMMER HATH LOST ITS ENCHANTMENT! THE POWER OF THE STORM HATH LEFT THEE! NO LONGER CANST THOU SOAR LIKE A BIRD IN FLIGHT!

ONLY THY STRENGTH REMAINS... THE STRENGTH WHICH IS THINE OWN BY ROYAL RIGHT!
SO BE IT!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A STARTLED MAINTENANCE MAN MAKES AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY...
IT'S THOR... THE GOD OF THUNDER!
I ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS A BUDDY OF DOC BLAKE'S, BUT...
WHAT'S HE DOIN' THERE, LIKE THAT???

'SCUSE ME, MISTER... UH--THOR! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

WRONG?! DO MINE EARS DECEIVE ME? DIDST THOU ASK IF ANYTHING BE WRONG?!!

TH-THAT'S RIGHT..!

SAY, I BETTER GET YOU SOME WATER OR SOMETHING! YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD TO ME!

HOW WOULDST THOU EXPECT ONE TO LOOK...?

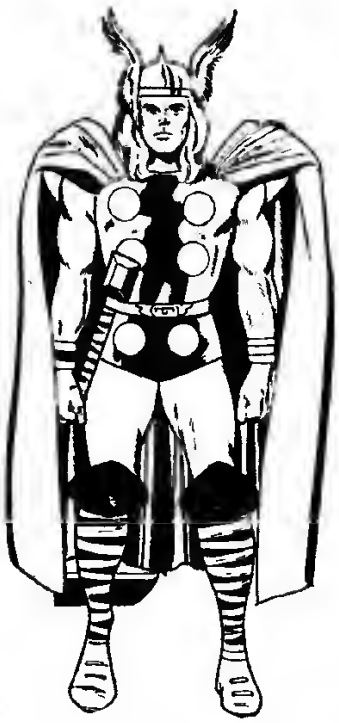
...ONE WHO HATH BEEN STRIPPED OF GODLY POWER!!

YOU BETTER HANG AROUND FOR DOC BLAKE TO LOOK YOU OVER!

I SAY THEE NAY! EVEN SOLACE SUCH AS THAT IS NOW DENIED ME!

THAT WHICH DOTH AFFLICT THE SON OF ODIN... CANNOT BE PUT TO RIGHTS BY DR. BLAKE!

AND SO LONG AS MY MALLET HATH LOST ITS ENCHANTMENT, THOR CAN BECOME DON BLAKE NO MORE!



THOUGH MY REGAL FATHER HATH GRANTED MY REQUEST..THOUGH HE DOTH PERMIT ME TO REMAIN ON EARTH..

AND, THOUGH I STILL BE GOD OF THUNDER, TO ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES..

NO LONGER AM I THAT WHICH I HAD BEEN!

I MUST DIVEST MYSELF OF ALL GODLY TRAPPINGS!

SAVE FOR MY STRENGTH, I AM LIKE ANY MORTAL WHO DOTH BESTRIDE THIS TROUBLED GLOBE!

THUS, I MUST LEARN TO DRESS THE SAME AS THEY..TO ACT THE SAME AS THEY..AY, EVEN TO SPEAK THE SAME AS THEY!

SAY! AREN'T YOU...?

NAH... IT CAN'T BE!

THOR--IN AN ELEVATOR--?!!

IT IS!! WHO ELSE WOULD DRESS THAT WAY?!!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF ADVERTISING GIMMICK!

THERE CAN BE NO TURNING BACK!

A NEW LIFE NOW LIES BEFORE ME... AND THOR SHALL FACE IT... WITHOUT QUALM!

BUT FOR US, THE TIME HAS COME TO TURN OUR ATTENTION ELSEWHERE... AS WE VISIT THE STRANGEST CIRCUS OF ALL TIME..!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?? WHY ISN'T HE ON HIS FEET?

YOU KNOW WE CANNOT EXECUTE THE PLAN WITHOUT HIM!

IT'S NO USE, RINGMASTER! HE STRAINED HIMSELF TRYING TO LIFT THE ELEPHANT!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW STRONG MAN!

THUS, THE VERY NEXT DAY...

IS THE NEW APPLICANT READY FOR HIS TRYOUT?

HE'S IN THE ARENA NOW, RINGMASTER... PUTTING ON HIS ACT!

HE LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY ORDINARY STRONG MAN ACT...BUT MAYBE WE'RE EXPECTING TOO MUCH!

DON'T BE A FOOL, GAMEINO!

WE'RE ATTEMPTING OUR GREATEST CRIME...THE MOST DARING ROBBERY OF THE CENTURY!!

AND EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON HAVING A STRONG MAN WITH ENOUGH POWER TO DO THE JOB!

LET'S GO LOOK NIM OVER!

THOR WITHOUT HIS POWERS...AND THE STRANGEST CIRCUS OF ALL TIME! WHAT'S THE CONNECTION? ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN **NEXT WEEK'S** ENTHRALLING EPISODE!

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH No. 145, in the Speetre story, it showed the small figure of Jim Jordan walking up to Black Murdo's hideout. One of Murdo's men says "Jordan! He's come back from the grave . . ." But they should have known that spooks don't have shadows, and Jim did. Are they cracking up?

Gordon Cummings,
Bolton, Lancs.

Our guess is simply that the gangster was obviously so panic-stricken that he didn't notice the shadow in his fear . . . we only write these stories—we don't act the parts as well.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have been reading SMASH for only two weeks, and there is one thing that is puzzling me. That is, if Superman is invulnerable and his hair can't be cut, what does he do about going to the barber's?

Jonathan Tapp,
Birchington, Kent

He never goes, Jonathan! The reason being that his hair doesn't grow like yours or ours, it just stays the same length, so he never *needs* it cut.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I ask you—how could my humble heart even begin to extol the virtues of your greatest triumph? I am speaking of your great action-packed comic. My encomiums, commendations, compliments and praises would not nearly approach being appropriate in hailing you for the pulsatingly stupendous job of writing. Do not be disillusioned though, I don't mean to put down the equally stupendous artwork. It most appropriately represents the visual scenes and audible effects. Again my commendations to the people who put together the monumental, always to be remembered, magazine.

K. Birch,
Mexborough, Yorks.

We couldn't agree with you more, KB! But tell us one thing . . . simply and in words of one syllable . . . just what did you *say*?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 146, Robin wrapped Superman's body in lead sheeting to protect him from the Kryptonite rays. Well, why doesn't Superman make his costume out of lead as well, to protect him from all the Kryptonite he's likely to run into?

Prem Singh,
Birmingham.

Well, a lead costume would be a little *cumbersome*, don't you think? To say nothing of being a little stiff at the joints, and finally, downright *heavy*! Apart from which, his present costume is pretty useful the way it is, being made of special invulnerable fabric from the planet Krypton!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think Thor is great and I always read it, but where is Thor's home Asgard? Is it in outer space?

Michael Wickham,
Bolton.

No, it's not in outer space, Michael, or we'd be able to see it from Earth. It's actually in another dimension, somewhat removed from our own space and time, and when Thor spins his hammer to go there, he's actually breaking down the barriers between our dimension and his own.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In issue 147 the Speetre got knocked out, but we all know that he wears a suit of armour, so surely he should have been safe from blows, shouldn't he?

Stephen Ryall,
Harpenden, Herts.

And so he would have been Stephen, except that if you look back you'll see that he was hit on the head . . . and an armoured head he has *not* got!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

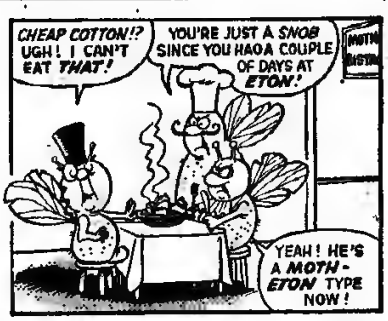
.....

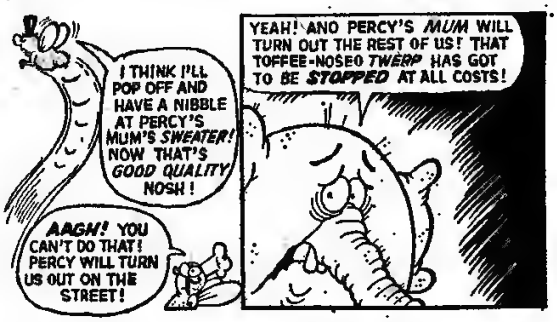
My second favourite feature is

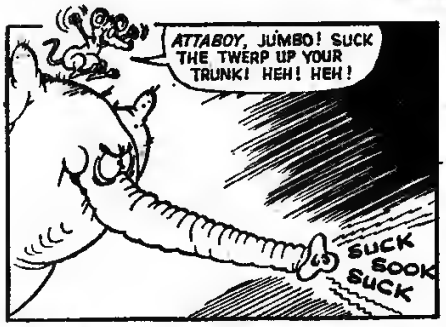
.....

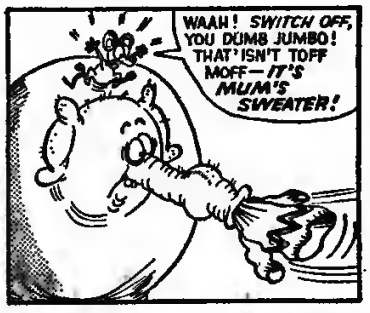
Send the conpon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 189, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

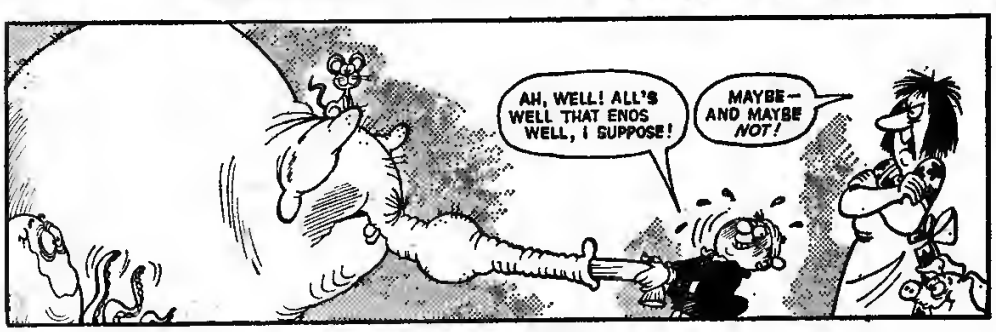
Percy's Pets


CHEAP COTTON!? UGH! I CAN'T EAT THAT!
YOU'RE JUST A SNOB SINCE YOU HAOA COUPLE OF DAYS AT ETON!
MOTH BUSTER
YEAH! HE'S A MOTH-ETON TYPE NOW!

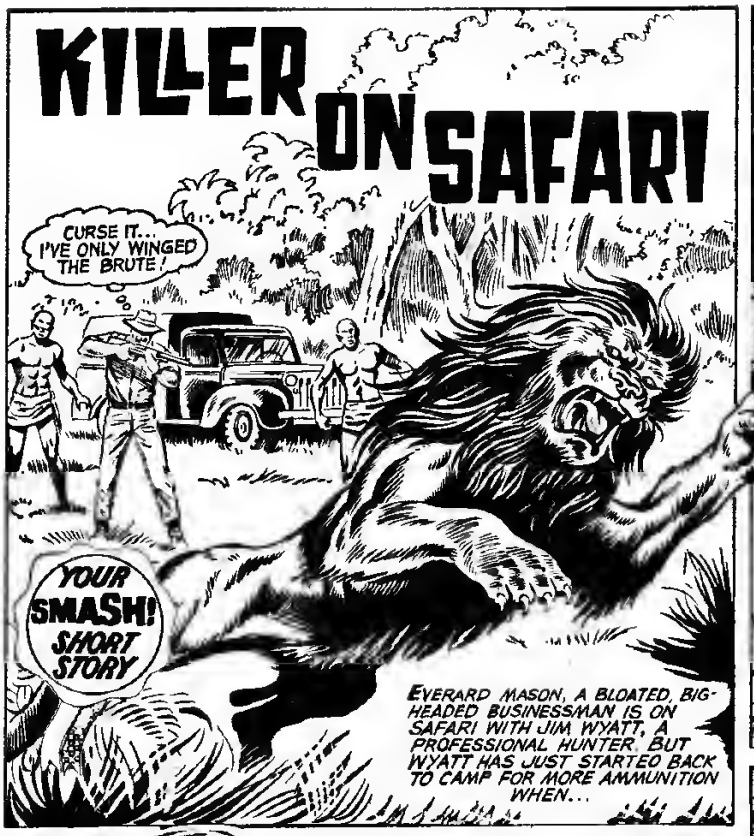

I THINK I'LL POP OFF AND HAVE A NIBBLE AT PERCY'S MUM'S SWEATER! NOW THAT'S GOOD QUALITY NOSH!
YEAH! AND PERCY'S MUM WILL TURN OUT THE REST OF US! THAT TOFFEE-NOSED TWERP HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS!
AAGH! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! PERCY WILL TURN US OUT ON THE STREET!



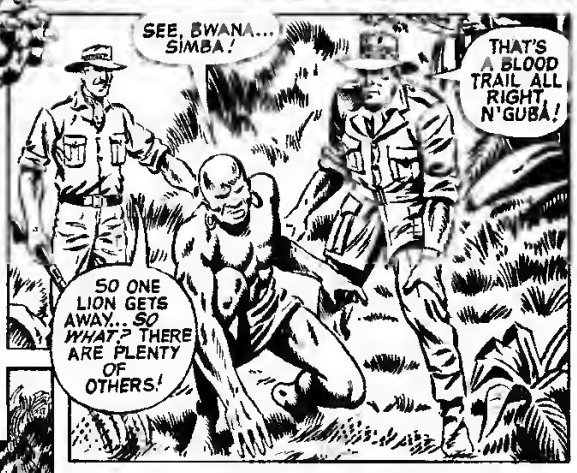




KILLER ON SAFARI


CURSE IT... I'VE ONLY WINGED THE BRUTE!
YOUR SMASH! SHORT STORY
EVERARD MASON, A BLOATED, BIG-HEADED BUSINESSMAN IS ON SAFARI WITH JIM WYATT, A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER. BUT WYATT HAS JUST STARTED BACK TO CAMP FOR MORE AMMUNITION WHEN...

HEARING THE SHOTS, WYATT DRIVES BACK TO THE BUSH...
SIMBA, BWANA! YOU HAVE WOUNDED SIMBA!
THE SUN GOT IN MY EYES... COULDN'T SEE THE BRUTE PROPERLY...



BUT MASON IS READY TO DEFY THE HUNTER.
IT'S THE LAW IN AFRICA THAT A WOUNDED LION MUST BE TRACKED DOWN AND KILLED HUMANELY. IF A HUNTER DOESN'T DO THAT, HE'S GUILTY OF A GRAVE CRIME AGAINST THE NATIVES...
IF I DID ONLY WING THAT LION IT'S THESE NATIVES' FAULT! THEY'VE BEEN BUGGING ME EVER SINCE WE STARTED OUT! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THEIR LIONS, ANYWAY? THEY'RE ALL DUMB ANIMALS!

LATER, BACK AT CAMP, N'GUBA VISITS WYATT'S TENT.
THERE IS UNREST AMONGST MY MEN, BWANA. THEY DO NOT LIKE THE BAD BWANA MASON. HE LEAVE SIMBA HURT AND ANGRY...
...MAKE IT INTO MAN-EATER!
LEAVE THE BWANA TO ME, N'GUBA. TELL YOUR PEOPLE WE SHALL TRACK DOWN THE LION TOMORROW...

THE NIGHT IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH THE THROB OF JUNGLE DRUMS.
WHOEVER IT WAS, HE'S GONE... HEY! WHAT'S THIS? A WOODEN IDOL— A SIGN OF THE JU-JU! HUH! THAT MUMBO-JUMBO DOESN'T SCARE ME!
THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF THEIR PRECIOUS JU-JU!
NEXT MORNING...
N'GUBA SAYS THE LOCAL WITCH DOCTOR HAS FORBIDDEN THE BEATERS TO GO WITH US TODAY...THOUGH I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.
THEY'RE SCARED, THAT'S WHY! SCARED OF THAT ROGUE LION!
WYATT KNOWS THE AFRICANS ARE NOT SCARED...BUT HE KEEPS IT TO HIMSELF.
WE HAD BETTER STAY CLOSE TOGETHER. AN ANGRY LION IS A PRETTY DANGEROUS CUSTOMER!
I'M NO MORE SCARED OF HIM THAN I WAS OF THAT STUPID WOODEN IDOL I FOUND IN MY TENT LAST NIGHT!
I'LL BAG THIS LION AS EASILY AS I CRUSHED THAT ACCURSED JU-JU!
YOU FOOL! NOBODY GOES ROUND TRAMPLING ON THE NATIVES' BELIEFS! NO WONDER THE BEATERS DIDN'T COME! THEY'LL THINK THAT NAGA-NAGA, THE LION JU-JU, IS ABROAD IN THE JUNGLE!
BAH!
THEN THEY ENTER THE BUSH...
MY HEAD...FEELS FUNNY...MUST BE THE HEAT...AND I CAN HEAR THOSE DRUMS AGAIN...
DANGER IS CLOSE AT HAND...
GO CAREFULLY, MASON... A LION CAN MOVE WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...
DON'T WORRY— I WON'T MISS A SECOND TIME.
AND NEARBY, THE WITCH-DOCTOR LOOKS ON...
rrrrr
A SECOND LATER...
THERE HE IS! THE AFRICANS CALL HIM SIMBA!
TO ME IT'S JUST ANOTHER DUMB-BRAINED ANIMAL! I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO ENGLAND AS A TROPHY!
LEAVE IT TO ME, WYATT! I'LL SEND IT TO KINGDOM COME!
DESPITE THE POUNDING OF THE DRUMS, MASON TAKES AIM...

THEN, AT THE LAST SECOND, MASON SEEMS TO HURL HIS RIFLE AWAY...
IS MASON OUT OF HIS MIND? WHY DOESN'T HE FIRE...? GOOD GRIEF! HE'S PANICKED!

LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...
WHAT MADE YOU DO IT, MAN? IF YOU HADN'T PANICKED AT THE LAST MOMENT...
I DIDN'T PANIC! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU! SOMETHING KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF MY HANDS! I ONLY SAW IT FOR AN INSTANT... BUT I'LL SWEAR THAT IT WAS NAGA-NAGA, THE LION JU-JU!
BECAUSE OF HIS WOUNDS, EVERARD MASON HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO RAISE A RIFLE AGAINST AN ANIMAL SINCE... THE WITCH-DOCTOR'S VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE!

SMASH FAN-FARE

HAVE YOU GOT A JOKE—OR A TRICK—YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN SMASH? YOU HAVE? OKAY... SEND IT ON A POST CARD TO:—

SMASH,
199 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.1.

AND IF WE PRINT IT, YOU WILL WIN **10/-**.

FROM: ANTHONY CROFT, LEEDS 15.

FROM: J. PICKIN, YORK.

FROM: ANDREW SMALE, BROMLEY, KENT.

Special 1969 Offer

COMPLETE STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT FREE!

Here's your chance to get a Beginner's Stamp-Collector's Outfit absolutely FREE. This outfit, worth at least 5/-, contains everything to start you off on the World's Finest Hobby! This is what it includes —

1—The Rowden Junior Stamp Album, extra leaves can be inserted and a luxury binder obtained if required.

2—Magnifier to check stamp for flaws, etc.

3—Stamp Wallet for "swaps," etc.

4—Perforation Guage to measure perforation.

5—Black Watermark Detector plus full instructions on how to use Items 4 and 5.

6—Metal Tweezers for handling stamps properly.

7—Stamp Identifier tables to enable you to find the countries of origin of all stamps.

8—Land Finder World Map.

9—Packet of Stamp Hinges.

10—Exact full colour facsimile of World's Rarest Stamp. (Original worth over £5,000!)

11—"How to Organise a Stamp Club" leaflet.

12—Super Stamp Club Badge in red, white and blue to wear on your lapel.

13—Price List of Albums, packets of Stamps, Accessories, etc.

14—A sheet of 100 Flag Stamps (gummed and perforated just like stamps) all in correct colours to dress up your album pages.

15—A special packet of 10 different stamps from 10 different countries to start you off on this grand hobby.

The above 15 items will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE if you fill in the coupon below and post it to us with 6d in stamps for postage and packing. We will also send you a selection of our famous SPECIAL APPROVALS—a booklet of priced stamps. You can buy any you wish or return if you don't wish to buy them. You are under no obligation to buy anything. All our stamps are catalogued by Gibbons and are guaranteed genuine. We will also send you a free VOUCHER CHEQUE value 12/6. This enables you to buy a complete 25/- approval book at half price. If you wish. Please tell your parents you are sending for this FREE OUTFIT and Approvals.

To PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. S.R.1),
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire.
Please send me the Free Stamp Collector's Outfit described above and your Special Approvals for inspection. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

How about your friends? Owing to the value of this Offer, it is limited to one Outfit per applicant. But many of your friendds will want to send for this Offer, so write their names aad addresses on a piece of paper, enclose 6d for each, and we will gladly send the Outfit and Approvals to them. No need for them to use the Coupon.

ALTHOUGH THE WORLD BELIEVES NEWSPAPERMAN JIM JORDAN IS DEAD HE STILL CARRIES ON HIS CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME... CALLING HIMSELF **THE SPECTRE**. A SINISTER SYNDICATE CALLED THE **REVENGERS** CAPTURES THE SPECTRE WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS. BUT...

AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE

THE SPECTRE RUNS FROM THE EERIE MANSION THAT IS THE LAIR OF THE REVENGERS...

I ESCAPED EASIER THAN I HAD HOPED!

THERE HE GOES! HARDLY DARING TO BELIEVE IN HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

BUT THE REVENGER SMILES AS HE WATCHES THE FLEEING FIGURE..

HE DOES NOT DREAM WE **LET** HIM ESCAPE! THAT HE ALREADY **BEARS** WITH HIM THE SEEDS OF OUR POWER! THAT WE CAN MAKE **USE** OF HIM WHENEVER WE WISH..

AND USE HIM WE SHALL—AND **SOON**! HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF **THE SPECTRE** WILL BECOME A WEAPON TO KILL

KILL! IT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!

BUT THEN THE RUNNING MAN STOPS...

WAIT! I LEFT THAT POOR DEVIL **BEHIND!**... THE MAN THE REVENGERS ORDERED TO KILL HIMSELF! I CAN'T **LEAVE** HIM BACK THERE...!

I MUST GO **BACK!**

INSIDE THE OLD MANSION, THE MAN THE SPECTRE HAS SWORN TO RESCUE, IS RINGED BY HIS GUOULISH MASTERS...

BUT WE MUST REMEMBER... THE SPECTRE KNOWS **WHERE** WE ARE! HE WILL TELL THE POLICE! UNLESS...

WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF THAT WITHIN THE HOUR! BUT FIRST, THIS ONE WHO IS NO LONGER OF USE TO US, MUST **DIE!**

YES—HE MUST DIE! IN THE **DISINTEGRATOR CABINET!**

IT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!

LIKE A SLEEPWALKER THE PRISONER WALKS TOWARDS A TALL STEEL BOX...

HE **OBEYS** EVERY WORD.. FOR OUR WORD IS NOW *HIS WILL!* THUS HE WALKS TO HIS DEATH!

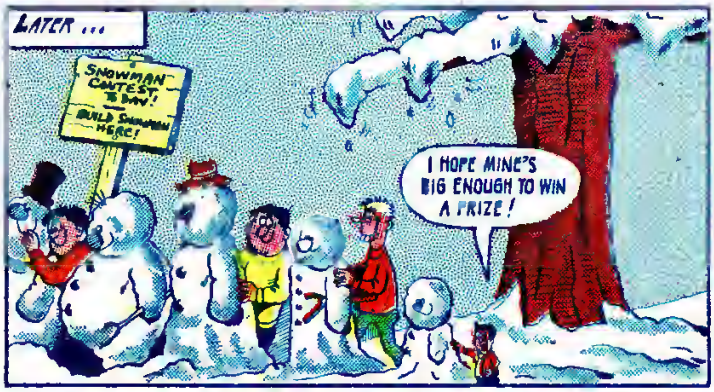
BUT OUTSIDE...

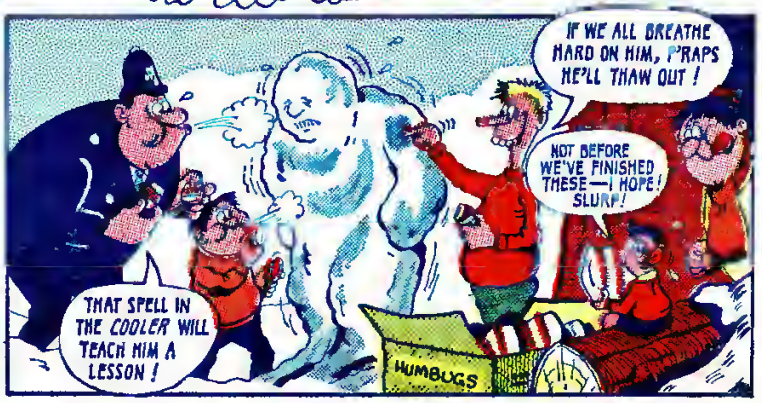
LOCK THE **FLASH PROTECTOR** DOOR!

THEY SAID A DISINTEGRATOR CABINET! **THAT** MUST BE IT!

THE SPECTRE MOVES SWIFTLY...
NO, YOU DON'T...!
GGGGOOOO!
THE INDICATOR SIGNALS THAT OUR VICTIM HAS NOW CLOSED THE DOOR ON HIMSELF! HE IS INSIDE! NOW I WILL ACTIVATE THE DISINTEGRATOR!
SLAM!
UUUGH!
EVEN AS THE SPECTRE GETS BACK TO THE WINDOW...
IT IS DONE!
THE BLAST! IT'S BLOWN ME OFF-BALANCE!
A FLAILING HAND GRASPS FOR A HOLD...
LET US MAKE SURE!
THE CABINET IS EMPTY! HE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY ELIMINATED!
BUT WHAT OF THE SPECTRE?
THE SPECTRE? DO NOT WORRY ABOUT HIM KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS OF OUR HEADQUARTERS... THAT IS OF NO IMPORTANCE! REMEMBER, HIS BODY HAS BEEN PREPARED WITH OUR WILL PARTICLES...
THE SPECTRE HAS HEARD ENOUGH...
WE LET HIM GO...BECAUSE HE IS NOW A LIVING, WALKING WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION. OF THIS HE KNOWS NOTHING...
CHUM, I'M SURE GLAD I CAME BACK FOR YOU!
LET HIM BRING THE POLICE HERE! WHAT WILL THEY FIND?... NOTHING!
I MUST GET BACK TO MY LABORATORY...FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO ME!
SUDDENLY...
THE EARTH IS TREMBLING!... EVEN THE VERY AIR! I CAN HEAR A HUMMING... BEHIND ME!
WHEN HE WHIRLS ABOUT...
THE MANSION! THE LAIR OF THE REVENGERS! IT'S GONE...VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
NEXT WEEK: THE SPECTRE — A WALKING TIME BOMB!

SAMMY SHRINK




IF WE ALL BREATHE HARD ON HIM, P'RAPS HE'LL THAW OUT!
NOT BEFORE WE'VE FINISHED THESE— I HOPE! SLURP!
THAT SPELL IN THE COOLER WILL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
HUMBUGS